

# COUNTRY LIFE

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*Barsano*

MISS JOYCE WETHERED.

38, Dover Street, W.1.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## The Death of Anatole France

AFTER a long but hopeless fight against his last illness Anatole France died in his house near Tours on Sunday night. In him there passes a great figure out of contemporary literature. He will henceforth be included with such illustrious writers as Molière, Voltaire, Rabelais and others who have taken their place not in Europe only, but in the world at large. Usually speaking, it is rash to make such a prophecy about a man who is newly dead; but Anatole France lived to a good old age, and before he died the young of all countries had recorded a verdict, which to all intents and purposes is that of posterity. He was an outstanding figure, not perhaps of the circle where Shakespeare

and Homer, Milton and Dante are unapproachable, but certainly in the first flight. The record of his life is one that justifies this estimate of his career. We see him marked out by genius at the very beginning, a failure in the eyes of those who did not penetrate below mere externals, but of high promise in the eyes of his mother, who, fortunately for him, was a woman of great sympathy and understanding. She alone retained faith in the boy when his early life seemed to be shaping towards failure. He has told us about it in his own charming way. He was a child of very little use at his lessons, but ever a dreamer, a weaver of stories in his early infancy, and though he was far from distinguishing himself at examinations, the original strong mind within never ceased expanding until the most unthinking of those who came in contact with him felt that there was a force and originality about him that shoved him to be something very different from what other children were. Yet he had to wait a long time for success and, perhaps, never would have reached it at all had he not been enmeshed in the net of politics. The lateness of recognition is the more surprising because Anatole France was an embodiment of the French genius. His style was not artificial nor assumed, but the outcome of his particular genius. Its charm lay greatly in a very delicate irony. In his case, however, irony probably was, in a sense, adopted to conceal his extreme sensibility. There was nothing so cruel in it as there was in that of Swift, for instance; nothing so wanton as in Sterne's. It was the dry French mockery that was used in large measure to cloak his deep sympathy. It reminded one of the contrast drawn by Dr. Brown between Thackeray and Dickens. According to the Scottish critic, Dickens was ebullient and sentimental as mask to a nature inclined to be hard, while Thackeray was cynical to conceal his sentimentalism.

Yet irony was not the highest quality in the style of Anatole France. We should rather give that place of honour to its pellucid sanity. No one could hope to attain to the direct simple clearness of which Anatole France was master unless possessing the faculty of dissolving every complicated thought into its simple constituents. He wrote clearly because he thought clearly. Many critics are continually asking the secret of simple writing, but they do not learn to think of it themselves in this simple way. They think style a gift, in spite of Goethe's declaration to one who questioned him about his style, that "It did not come to me in my sleep."

In addition to that he had a charm much more difficult to explain. It was that of humour. Moreover, it was a humour born of sympathy. Poet in range of mind, although not a maker of verses, Anatole France looked widely and deeply into the heart of humanity and found it so full of hopeless ambitions and aspirations that he despaired of making the blind to see or the deaf to hear, and so he turned away with a fine smile that was born of a union between understanding and hopelessness. In all his best work there is this play of a compassionate humour, very different from his ironic moods, that blended with his irony and his unchanging taste for clarity of statement. It formed a style for which he will be famous for many centuries to come.

So we muse and mourn at the same time, trying to find comfort in the vain attempt to separate the characteristics and solve the mystery of one of the most comprehensive minds of our time. We know that it is useless and that the secret of genius is buried with him who owned it. Yet it is no vain or idle inquiry. There was much in Anatole France that was opposed to English notions; his ideal of morality were not ours, and there are many of his books that would not be lightly admitted into an English household. We cannot condemn him for differing from us and it would be futile to say that there is any superiority between French, that is to say, Latin, morality and the English or Saxon morality, but there is a French proverb to the effect that to understand all is to forgive all, and it never could be applied more appropriately than over the grave of one who was at once illustrious and sincere.

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## COUNTRY NOTES

MISS JOYCE WETHERED, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this week's COUNTRY LIFE, has just won the English Ladies' Golf Championship for the fifth year in succession. She began winning when she was eighteen, after a great match with Miss Cecil Leitch at Sheringham, and has been winning it steadily since. She is, of course, also the holder of the Open Ladies' Championship, and stands out as beyond all question the best lady golfer that ever lived. We feel inclined to add, in the terms of a famous eulogy on W. G. Grace, "for ever will live." Making due allowance for the comparative strength of men and women, she is probably at this moment the best golfer in the world. The hold that she and Miss Leitch have on the popular imagination was shown by the crowd of nearly three thousand people that assembled at Cooden Beach to watch their meeting. Miss Leitch has been playing this year perhaps better than ever she did, which is saying a great deal, and she fought hard, but to play against Miss Wethered is like battering a stone wall, and she went down a gallant loser. However many more times Miss Wethered chooses to win, her victories will always be welcome, for there never was a more modest as there never was so good a player.

THIS week, which has witnessed the death of one great French writer in Anatole France, has also celebrated the fourth centenary of the birth of Ronsard, an illustrious French poet who is famous wherever interest is taken in poetic literature, as is shown by the wide distribution of the centres at which tribute to his memory has been paid. The British celebrations began on October 17th at Bedford College, which has become recognised as a centre for the study of French in Great Britain. M. Lemonier, in addition to speaking at Bedford College, is giving addresses at Oxford and Cambridge on October 22nd and 23rd. Naturally, the most interesting of the celebrations will take place at Tours, where the Minister of the Interior, M. Chautemps, will unveil a bust of the poet by Delperier. There, too, an address will be given by M. Lemonier, Ronsard's biographer. Ronsard has been lovingly studied in England by many of its choicer spirits, of whom a typical example was the late George Wyndham, who wrote and lectured about him with unflinching enthusiasm. A pity he is not here to pay his tribute to the Prince of Poets, as Ronsard was called by his contemporary countrymen!

EPHING FOREST is never more beautiful than in late October, when the leaves of the beeches glow with their deep red as though the best wine had been kept to the end of the year, and beneath the trees is the fresh and splendid carpet of beech leaves and bracken. There is a triangular piece of the Forest with its apex near the Wake Arms; it would be hard to discover anywhere a land more wonderful, yet on a perfect afternoon when the omnibuses were full, a correspondent says that he walked for more than an hour under the hornbeams and oaks and beeches

without passing a single person. There are times when one cannot help fearing the citizens of London think Epping Forest too near. If they were bidden to do some great thing, they would do it; but they have only to take a bus, if they have no car or bicycle of their own, alight at the third milestone from Epping, and plunge into the "verdurous colonnades." It is a little thing to do, but they might go many days' journey without seeing so much beauty. The City of London won for its citizens this Forest. It has its gifts for the naturalist; he can learn where the woodpeckers make their nest, and even where the lair of the badger can be found. But it has for all men, whether they are students or not, the colour and the pageantry and the peace which tired dwellers in the City could have for the asking, if only they knew.

IN spite of all that used to be said, it would appear that this country is really being made sober by Act of Parliament. At any rate, there are certain undeniable facts which go to show this, the first being that Parliament interferes more than it ever did previously with our drinking habits. It has enormously increased the price of intoxicants by heavy taxation. The fact that a bottle of whisky, which could be had at 4s. before the war, costs at least 12s. 6d. to-day, and that equally deterrent figures are applicable to beer, cannot but cause people to drink less. The second force in operation is that public houses are not open as many hours per day as they were before the war and this lessens drinking by narrowing the opportunity for it. The figures issued in the Licensing Statistics, 1923, are very instructive on the point. They show that on-licences and off-licences are both becoming unpopular; the decrease in on-licences is from 99,478 in 1905 to 80,986 in 1924, the corresponding figures for off-licences being 25,405 and 22,137. On the other hand, clubs at which the intoxicating liquors can be sold have increased in number from 6,589 in 1905 to 11,467 in 1924. Another test is to be found in the convictions for drunkenness. In 1923 the total for England was 72,690 and compares with 177,971 in 1913. In Wales the convictions are on the same scale. On the other hand, there are figures which indicate that certain numbers of people are forsaking the old and now very dear drinks for methylated spirit, a very bad substitute. In 1923, 683 persons were convicted of drunkenness caused by taking methylated spirit, and this was an increase of 167 on the previous year. To methylated spirits should be added the raw spirits made at illicit stills as being equally injurious to health.

### MAGIC.

Raise yon spirits from the deep,  
See them laugh and spring and leap  
By looking into children's eyes.

Softly lashes ring around  
A heavenly dove upon the ground.  
Not a sound.

Sweet spirits rise.  
All evil dies  
Looking into children's eyes.

ANNE F. BROWN.

DEAN INGE, discoursing on the self-chosen text, did not complete the line, "Crabbed Age and Youth," far less quote Shakespeare's simple reason for the dogma, Age is full of ruth, Youth is full of pleasure. The poet hit the truth with his hammer, the Dean did not touch it and still he raised one or two interesting points, such as his arithmetical argument that, according to statistics, men of the age of sixty or thereabouts have only the same expectation of life as they always had; youth cannot increase as long as a lighter death rate is more than cancelled by a smaller number of births. It is middle age which is on the increase. And middle-age prudence is the best counterbalance to the rashness of youth. He pointed out, very rightly, that the more promising young men often begin by airing the wildest opinions and he cited such examples as Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. They did not wait to be old men before they got over their

Socialism, but changed when they arrived at maturity. Nor is a young man any the worse for testing and trying all opinions before he settles down to follow in the footsteps of his elders.

TO many people the name of Magnasco may convey very little, and consequently the aims of the Magnasco Society, whose first exhibition of pictures opened at Agnew's on Wednesday, even less. Magnasco was the most complete product of the Baroque spirit in painting, and he lived in Genoa at the end of the seventeenth century. The society called after his name is a by-product of a brilliant book, "Studies in Southern Baroque Architecture," by Mr. Osbert Sitwell, who is one of the founders of the Society. Its objects are to assist in the appreciation of those painters who flourished in Italy from Caravaggio, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, till the final decline of the art in the middle of the eighteenth. The only names in that long period familiar to many English people are Guido Reni, Canaletto, Guardi, Longhi and Tiepolo, examples of whose works are to be seen in public galleries. But besides them there were Masters of exquisite skill and astonishing power: Domenico Feti, Giovanni Lys, Ghislandi, Strozzi, the Neapolitan school, and a hundred others whose works were collected, with wonderful effect, at the Pitti Palace just over two years ago. The range of their art had to be seen to be believed. It was like a new world of painting which one had felt must exist but had never entered.

THE great and still increasing popularity of Rugby football has been shown this autumn by the suggestion, several times repeated, that the International matches, or at least the match between England and New Zealand, should be played at Wembley and not at Twickenham. The Rugby Union authorities have shown no signs of accepting the proposal, and there really seems no very convincing reason why they should. Twickenham is their ground: the official headquarters of Rugby football in this country. It is true that crowds have grown so much larger in the last few years that Twickenham, as it was, would not hold half the people who want to see the match. But the Rugby Union appear to be perfectly aware of this. They have some time since, we are told, set to work on a new stand to hold fourteen thousand people, which will be ready when the New Zealanders first play in London in the middle of November.

IT will be regretted that a work so well begun by the building of Bush House is brought to a standstill owing to the fact that the high ground rents make it impossible to build in the same style on the adjacent land. The Bush Company very properly refused to build cheap houses near their monumental house, and that was the only way to get out of the difficulty. They have had to forfeit £35,000 for their principles, and the Aldwych site will soon come under the hammer again. We hope that the London County Council will not permit the standard of building to be lowered on this most important site.

MANY amusing things have been said about England by foreign visitors, but exceeding all of them in drollery is the article with which Karel Capek concludes the tale of the best things in England. His illustrations are more amusing even than his text. One of them he calls Easton Glebe. It is the picture of a mansion embowered in trees with a creature in one corner, thoughtfully called a rabbit by the artist, and a bird in the bush, which is most conveniently docketed a cuckoo. "I have drawn it from memory," says the artist, "together with the cuckoo and rabbit." The dwelling is the residence of "one of the wisest men in this world" and we are told that the cuckoo cucks as many as thirty times in succession. It is a jest that, fortunately, has no ill-nature in it, but Karel Capek does not try to conceal the strong contrast there is between a country that has been, in spite of all vicissitudes, developing and progressing for more than a thousand years, and the Czech environment to which he has been accustomed.

There is wealth in England in spite of all vicissitudes, but we should be sorry to believe that any visitor failed at the same time to recognise the strenuous work still going on in this old country of ours.

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Daily News*, many of us poor mortals who go about heavily burdened with the demands of tax collectors and expenses that, in spite of good intentions, will go on exceeding incomes, might be tempted to commit some crime in order to lead the quiet and peaceful life of an imprisoned criminal. The information is given by one of the lecturers employed to discourage on art and poetry to the poor prisoners. He tells us that the convict is no longer an outcast plotting against society. True, he wears prison uniform, but is encouraged to take an interest in such things as the cut of his hair or the growing of a beard. He is also addressed by name and not by number, and a human contact is established between him and the warders. The writer tells us that at his lecture he addressed a keen and intelligent audience which included Bottomley and Bevan. He found that the distinguished inmates were nearly all engaged in some great work. One man is writing a book on Contemporary Religions. Bevan gives lessons in French and Bottomley works at the printing press. In case they get wearied out by exertion, provision is made for a change of air. In the summer forty convicts went by charrs-à-bancs for a three weeks' holiday in the Isle of Wight. Who, after all that, would not long to be a convict?

#### MY PRETTY DARKISS:

(A Wessex Song.)

Roses for maidens all the world over,  
Clove-pinks and the laylock bough!  
But deep in the vields blows the crimson clover  
For my dear, my li'l' dark cow!  
When from the Long Mead to the milkin' shed  
The heifers a-lowin' go,  
O, the best I do 'low be our li'l' black cow—  
Our pretty Darkiss!

There's Merry 'long there from Ringwood Fair!  
And Cherry, her's Forest-born!  
There's Tulip, Spot and Forgetmenot  
Cowslip and Crooked-Horn!  
Some of 'n here be timid as a deer,  
And shy some seems of I!—  
Her's wild, but lovable as a li'l' child—  
My pretty Darkiss!

But sure enough 'tis when her calf be riz  
And to Fair 'em both be taken  
And us must part—well, I knows my heart  
Will pret' nigh be breakin'!  
Sorrow-and-sore within the barn-door  
I'll mourn for she! Yet now  
Sweet the buttercups blow round my li'l' black cow:—  
My pretty Darkiss!

Roses for maidens all the world over,  
Clove-pinks and the laylock bough!  
But deep in the vields blows the crimson clover  
For my dear, my li'l' black cow!  
O, silver and gold had I to hold  
With cowfold, stack and sty  
'Fore the Autumn Fair draws nigh, I'd buy  
My pretty Darkiss!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON

THAT the Hospice on the great St. Bernard pass should, after all these years, be turned into a hotel is, of course, very sad. Emperors, pilgrims, artists, wanderers—much of the traffic from Italy to the North, that has had a widespread effect on our history—have been entertained freely there. And for many years tourists have been received. But while the mediæval traveller reimbursed the monks without a word said, the modern tourist thinks, "Ah! The guest of monks. How romantic, something for nothing." The result is that the Hospice is bankrupt, but bankruptcy in this case is a title of honour.

# AT THE BREAK OF DAY

By FRANCES PITT.

**T**HERE is no time better than the early morning for seeing wild creatures and watching them going about their business unhurried and undisturbed; then one catches glimpses of the birds and beasts of the night, one sees the owl flying home over the dew-sodden grass, and rabbits scampering off under the dripping bracken, brushing through the undergrowth, and disturbing sleeping butterflies that can hardly spread their wings, so heavily are they be-diamonded with glittering drops.

It is very cold at break of day, and a thick coat is necessary, to say nothing of heavy boots, if you would wander abroad in the early hours and watch the world come to life. Even an ordinary dew has marvellously penetrating qualities, but the heavy dew of an autumn morning, when there is a hint of frost in the air, makes the grass like a river to walk through, and only the strongest of boots can withstand it. Yet what beauties that dew reveals! Spiders' webs, previously invisible, now spring to sight, their silken ropes hung with shining drops, like threaded pearls. They are flung everywhere; like beautiful lace upon the shrubs in the garden, like fairy sheets upon the gorse bushes in the field, and like ropes bracing together the bracken and the scabious as we reach the woodlands. These glistening ropes snap and part as we walk on through the twilight. Scores of them are broken at every step, but we cannot help it so laced are they across the path. The eastern sky is growing rapidly brighter, changing from pale green to softly glowing gold, but as yet the country is dim and mysterious. Fleeing rabbits are but grey shapes with bobbing white tails, and bats are turning and twirling overhead, while an owl hoots long and loudly.

Now is the time when the hunters of the night make for their lairs, the badger for its sett, and the fox for his earth or the snug bush in which he intends to lie up. The former is the earlier to go to bed, and one is lucky indeed if one catches a glimpse of it as it jogs home. Only once have I done so, and then all I saw was a grey shape bundling through the twilight. I was walking across the meadow, on my way to the badger's earth, when a slight sound caught my attention, and I just made out, and no more than that, a dim shape trotting along under the lee of the fence. But badgers are most elusive beasts,



SNARE OF THE COMMON GARDEN SPIDER.

the most elusive of all creatures of the countryside, and to see one enter its earth at dawn is no mean feat of woodcraft. However carefully you place yourself, with due regard for shelter and for the direction of the wind, the keen-nosed badger is sure to smell you. I well remember going down one morning to watch for badgers, it being still dark when I arrived at the sett, and ensconcing myself in what I thought was a splendid position. Not only would I have a good view of the mouth of the earth, that is when there should be enough light for it to be seen, but the breeze was favourable, and if the badger came home by its usual path it should not smell me. It was chilly work waiting in that dark hour before the dawn, but I possessed my soul in patience and did not stir, while a hundred and one things went on around me, judging, that is, by the many tiny pattering footsteps among the undergrowth, and the mysterious rustlings and scufflings that took place. It was weird and nerve-trying work, especially when owls hooted suddenly, and there was a scream far away in the wood—vixen or badger? Time went on, the tree trunks began to show up ghostly and grey, and the outline of the entrance to the badger's hole became visible, when loud and clear rose a fearful scream quite near. I started involuntarily, and half-turned—even if you know what it is, it is hard to keep quite still when a badger gives its mating howl close to you! It is one of the most appalling screeches, a vixen's scream being nothing by comparison. Moreover, she only calls

two or three times, whereas a badger will call ten or twelve times in succession. Well, that badger must have been very near when it screamed, but though I remained as if petrified, not another sound did I hear, and it never entered the earth. It must have either smelt or heard me when I turned, and thereupon beaten a retreat.

Now the fox, unlike brock, is in no hurry to get to bed, and will stay abroad until the sun is well up, strolling home gently, and keeping his nose alert for a rabbit as he goes. What a vision of beauty he is as he makes his way through the wet grass, stepping so daintily on his black pads, placing them with the precision and nicety of a cat. His golden coat glows as if with an inner fire, and yet blends with the russet of the bracken until he is difficult to see, only the movement as he trots along catching the eye and betraying him. Where, I wonder, did his night's wanderings take him; did he dine on rabbit, voles or some



SHEET-WEAVERS' WORK ON A HOLLY BUSH.



WAITING FOR CALLERS.

A WONDERFUL DESIGN.

DAMAGED BY MANY CAPTURES.

fat old hen? Somewhere or somehow he must have fed well, for rabbit scents do not hold his attention for long, and he disappears into the fern, only the scolding shriek of a just awakened blackbird telling of the course he has taken.

Now that the light is really here, now that the sun is creeping up as a golden ball in the east, the birds are beginning to come down from roost. Blackbirds proclaim the fact with many a chattering shriek, a cock pheasant "ker-kers" loudly, and the voice of a jay is heard. The light glistens on trees and bushes, and the festooning spider webs glitter with new beauties. What myriads of them there are, and what a variety of pattern and design! The first to rivet our attention is an orb-weaver's beautiful snare, of wonderful geometrical design slung between two bushes. It is the work of *Epeira diademata*, the garden spider, a big bloated lady, sitting under a tent of leaves to one side of her web, but with a cautious foot upon her "telegraph line," the thread which leads from her shelter to the centre of the web, and by which she learns all that happens upon the snare. Its tremors tell her if bird or beast has blundered against the web; if a fly, moth or wasp is enmeshed; and she responds accordingly. A fly brings her out in a hurry, running headlong down her rope, which serves the dual purpose of bridge and intelligence department. Down she hurries, to pause for a moment in the centre of the snare, where some criss-cross strands of silk make her a platform, upon which she sometimes sits and waits; not that she tarries now, for she runs along one of the radii and grabs the struggling victim, cutting it free of the web, and carrying it off to be eaten at leisure. But her behaviour is very different when the vibrations of the line tell her the catch is a big and possibly dangerous one: no tiny fly, but angry buzzing wasp. Then she comes down cautiously, advances slowly to the centre of the web, and there pauses to take stock of the situation. The struggling wasp is shaking the snare to and fro, so that any moisture which still clings to the sticky strands is flung off in shining drops. At every struggle the wasp entangles itself yet more, but the spider is not satisfied. She waits a little longer, and then sets the web shaking herself, vibrating so rapidly that spider, snare and victim can hardly be seen. After that she runs out towards the wasp, but it is evident that she is afraid of it, for she

advances and retreats several times before she ventures to rush in upon the now exhausted and thoroughly entangled insect. She bites it and draws back, again advances and bites again, no doubt pumping in poison each time, but the victim breaks into fresh struggles, and once more she retreats. However, the fluid poison from her fangs begins to do its work, the insect's struggles get less and less violent, paralysis is setting in, and so the spider ventures back. A nip here and a bite there loosens some of the strands that hold it, and then, doing something with her hind legs to her spinnerets, she draws forth a band of silk. Not a rope such as she uses in snare making, but, comparatively speaking, a wide sheet of many very fine strands. In a second this is attached to the wasp, and with a touch of her legs she sets the wasp spinning, turning over and over, and thereby rolling it in a silken shroud. Soon it is enveloped, and hangs in the web, secure until such time as it please madam to feed upon it. Breaking off the silk, she leaves her booty, likewise the hole it has made

in the snare, for wonderful as is her art, she cannot undertake repairs. Each web does duty until too tattered to be any good, when it is demolished and an entirely new one woven. In the quiet hours of the night when her corpulent body is not so likely to be seen by insectivorous birds, she spins, guided by touch alone, that marvellous snare according to the pattern handed down to her through the ages. As a tiny spiderlet, spinning for the first time, she wove it as perfectly as she does now, for experience has no place in her art. It is a matter of instinct, but instinct has made no provision for repairs, so when some blundering bee or dor-beetle hurtles through the structure, tearing wide gaps in its delicate strands, she is helpless and can only begin again at the beginning.

Another fine orb-weaver whose snare we may find during an early morning stroll is that of *Epeira marmorea*. She weaves an even more beautiful snare, though on the same plan as that of the garden spider, but it is bigger and more conspicuous. The owner, too, is a fine creature, being primrose yellow in colour, with a brown spot on her abdomen. She is very striking, and bound to catch the attention if seen, but she keeps out of sight as much as possible, hiding in her snug shelter of leaves tied together with silk.

Quite different are the snares of the sheet weavers,



LADEN WITH GLISTENING DEWDROPS.

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which are always a conspicuous feature on a dewy morning, for instead of being woven according to a pattern, the silk appears to be stretched upon the bushes haphazard. But when you examine them you see that the spider has a plan, which is to make a sheet of silk upon which flies will get entangled, and that this sheet is suspended by strong threads, and further anchored by flies tying it down. The hay bushes in particular are white with these webs, probably placed there because, on a prickly bush, they are not so likely to be broken by browsing animals.

Many and beautiful are the webs we note as we stroll on big and little, orb-woven, sheet-woven and mere tangles of silk upon rush heads, grass stems and on the bushes. Every one is beautiful, and we marvel at their number—who would have thought there were so many spiders in the world?

But there are other things to be seen besides spiders. What of the sleeping insects that the sun has not yet brought to life? If we look about we shall find out how and where different butterflies have spent the night. Here is a Cabbage White resting with folded wings and antennæ tucked away; beyond is a Small Blue, its wings saturated with moisture that hangs



SNARE OF A SHEET-WEAVER.

butterflies are very wet. Though the sun is now fairly high in the sky and everything is aglitter in its light, these insects show no sign of moving. The heavy dew, the nip of cold in the air, have brought a chill suggestion of autumn, and it will take more warmth yet to dry those wings and warm those delicate bodies back to life.

Looking here, peeping and poking there, we find that the butterflies are not the only insects that sleep out, for here, on a scabious head, is a humble-bee, its black and orange down sadly wet and draggled. It, too, will need much warming and drying before it is fit to take wing and fly away. A wasp is on the next flower-head, but, though dull and sleepy, it is not in such a wet state, having no fluff, only shining armour, on which the dew does not hang. Why did it stop out here all night instead

upon them in drops; and then we find a Small Copper asleep on a rush stem. Each is sitting in its characteristic attitude, the first head upwards, the second head downwards, and the third in a similar position; but two Small Heaths are broadside to the heavens, which is an unusual attitude, most species resting in a perpendicular position, no doubt because less surface is then exposed to radiation and the condensation of dew. But all these

ASLEEP AMONG THE RUSHES  
(SMALL BLUE).SLUMBERING SMALL HEATH  
BUTTERFLIES.SMALL COPPER, JUST BEGINNING  
TO MOVE (5.30 A.M.)

of going home to the nest? Is it that already autumn is making herself felt, and that the wasp feels the chill of Nemesis overtaking it? Has it ceased to worry about the larvæ at home, about those fat white grubs which have been born too late in the season ever to become wasps—we can only say that it seems like it, for earlier in the year no respectable wasp would stay out all night.

Looking about we see the touch of autumn on all sides, not only in the bracken turning brown and the leaves on the trees changing colour, but in the insects. The little blue butterfly at rest on its rush head shows the season, for its delicate wings are tattered by wear and tear, as also are those

of the Copper near by it. Even the humble-bee looks worn, and the very bloatedness of the spiders shows that the season is creeping on.

But the sun rises higher and higher, drying the moisture from the webs, so that the tangle of fairy cables vanishes from the grass, and the butterflies begin to stir, opening and closing their wings, fanning them up and down to try to get them dry. They are now waking up, with the warmth they have come to life, the chill is gone, and with it that dread hint of autumn—even if their wings are tattered they can still enjoy the sunshine, so they spread them and fly away into it.

## AFTER FOX AND STAG ON EXMOOR

**A**LTHOUGH staghunting is justly considered the premier sport in the West Country, foxhunting comes a very fair second, with harehunting rather a poor third, owing entirely to a shortage of hares. Although, personally, the West Country strikes me as far from an ideal foxhunting country, this is evidently not the opinion of a host of good sportsmen, as is amply proved by the number of packs of foxhounds which hunt Exmoor and its environs—there being five packs of foxhounds hunting this country, which is also hunted by three packs of staghounds.

Moorland foxhunting has distinct charms, not the least being the pleasure of seeing a fox found in the open, for in ordinary hunting one seldom sees the find. The country is well "foxed," although I believe it was not always so, and I should fancy even the worst vulpicides would have a difficulty in carrying on their nefarious work in a country full of natural earths, many of them inaccessible, especially those on the cliffs. I fancy the shortage of hares may be traced to the multiplicity of foxes.

The artist's sketch of the fox running the paths is very typical, and so is that of the pack strung out in single file (like staghounds) in pursuit. A tired fox takes the line of least resistance and the deer and sheep paths make easy travelling for him. Hounds naturally follow suit, and the paths being narrow they run single file in a manner far from the ideal close order, when you could put the proverbial "blanket over them."

Of the foxhound packs which hunt Exmoor proper, the Exmoor Foxhounds are the oldest. Started by Mr. Nicholas

Snow of Oare in 1869, they achieved a fame which they may have since rivalled, but have never eclipsed. Under his Mastership they were known as "The Stars of the West." Mr. Snow was, like his father before him, a staunch deer preserver. Mr. Snow, sen., was a great man to hounds on his favourite old mare, Norah Creina, and was marvellous on the moor even up to his eightieth year. The son was a heavy man, riding extremely good horses, but otherwise not particular about his appearance. He usually hunted in an old pink coat and a bowler hat! It is said that one of his hunt servants sported a moustache, which so horrified two Midland sportsmen that on their return to the delights of Leicestershire, they posted to him a razor in lieu of a tip! I do not guarantee the truth of this tale. I am told that recently a stone has been erected at Oare to commemorate Mr. Snow, and surely many a man less worthy of honour has received a greater monument than this fine old sportsman, who kept hounds for his neighbours' amusement entirely at his own expense.

The sketch entitled "Implements of the Chase, Exmoor," reminds one that "stopping" must be, and always is, the weak spot of foxhunting in a rough country. Indeed, judging by the weekly press, it is the weak point in all our hunting countries in post-war days. If more of the money we yearly spend on improving hounds were spent on improving "stopping" we would see much greater results in improved sport. In a wild hill country it is, of course, not possible really to "stop"—there are hundreds of places where a fox can get to ground. Our artist



A FIND ON THE OPEN MOOR.

depicts "to ground," and the arrival of "the man with the spade." The latter is of the West Country variety, with pointed blade and long handle, an implement beloved by the sons of Devon, but nicknamed by outsiders "the lazy man's shovel!" It is a very effective weapon, all the same, in stony soil.

But "to ground" is not the end of every hunt on Exmoor, and I have seen more than one fox fairly bowled over in the open. I have the mask of one before me now (which literally has not a tooth in its head), which was coured to death on the side of Dunkery. Mention of the latter brings us to the artist's sketch of the stag at bay on the top of Dunkery. It is not often that a stag is brought to bay on dry land, his end is usually in the water. But it occasionally happens, and I, as well as the artist, saw the incident depicted. This stag came to bay two or three times, first in Cutcombe, then at the top of Robin How (not Dunkery, for which hill Robin How is often mistaken) and then finally in Annicombe. He was trying, I fancy, to reach the Horner Water, but the long pull up was too much for his tired limbs and he came to bay in the open. Hounds also were much too blown after a brilliant hour and forty-five minutes to attempt to close on him, and the spot being scarcely propitious, the huntsmen awaited developments, not unmindful to keep out of reach of a counter attack. I have often heard it said that a beaten stag always has his mouth closed, and doubtless the artist will be criticised by West Country sportsmen for the manner in which he has depicted the animal. But photography bears out the artist not the critics, as I myself (apart from having seen their mouths open often enough), possess several snapshots of stags with this clearly defined.

It has always struck me that unless



IMPLEMENTS OF THE CHASE.

one is interested in deer, staghunting must be a dull sport. "How various are the motives that draw men to Kiver-side," says Mr. Jorrock. "Some come to see, others to be seen, some for



AT BAY ON DRY LAND.

happetites, some for 'ealth, some to get away from their wives, and a few to 'unt." But even those who come to hunt, in these days, apparently only desire lots of fences to jump. Exmoor is no place for them, for jumpable fences are few indeed, yet they come and there are no signs of diminishing "fields." Rather the contrary. There is a charm which is difficult to define, and the popularity of the sport is a sure sign of its existence. To me, frankly, it is the deer themselves. Riding over the moor intrigues me not at all, but of the deer and their ways I never tire.

For instance, a stag with antlers thrown back, going through the trees is a wonderful example of how extraordinarily silent a big animal can move through thick undergrowth. The animal lays back its antlers to avoid contact with branches, which would not only make a noise but impede his speed. When his horns are still in velvet, the points being soft and tender, he does the same thing to avoid hurting himself. Deer are apparently confirmed optimists, for one often sees them watching with unconcern the hunt in pursuit of other deer (usually of the opposite sex), from a safe distance. Apparently they always hope that

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### FROM PENURY TO PROSPERITY.

THAT is what has happened in other countries. It should happen in this. The British Isles are a wonderfully productive place. For many generations the land has been put under the plough, and rarely indeed has it failed to respond with a generosity that is magnificent. But that generosity—great as it is—has not always given satisfactory money returns. This is not the fault of the land, but of the way in which it is worked. It is being asked to do the wrong thing. Just as remarkable as its yield under the plough is the grazing capacity of this country. The number of livestock it will sustain is surprising, and generally they look very well, especially the horses and cattle.

### ROTATION A RELISH.

Continuous productiveness under the plough is usually achieved by the liberal use of manure, rotation of crops and really first-rate farming methods. The rotation of crops, for which so much is claimed, has become a fetish with British landowners. It appears to be generally stipulated in the lease through which the farmer gets his title of occupation that a certain rotation of crops must be followed. Undoubtedly this has been a good thing. But, like many good things, it has out-



A FOX RUNNING THE PATHS.

someone else is the quarry, when hounds are about. I remember seeing three stags lying in the heather, one summer's day in Badgeworthy, within four hundred yards of a big "field," and watching us unconcernedly, while hounds were drawing down in the combe below. As it happened, it was actually these stags that the hounds were seeking, their proximity being unknown to the huntsman. When the latter arrived on the scene, they had a rude awakening and incidentally went away "up over" with a fox running in their wake—a thing I have not seen on any other occasion.

The habits of deer are full of contradictions, however, and although some seem to show themselves freely, others take infinite trouble not to be seen. I strongly suspect there are many deer who live for years without ever being found by hounds. Anyway, sometimes a pretty ancient beast is killed. I believe one aged nineteen is the oldest taken by the present huntsman, but doubtless they do live much longer in a wild state. We know that under artificial conditions they do so, for one of thirty-two years of age died not so very long ago in a Berkshire park.

ANISEED.

lived its usefulness and in many directions become a burden on production. Because their forefathers did and because it is "in the lease," the farmers of to-day continue to follow a round that is far from being the most profitable. They, and also the landlords who are responsible for the conditions of the lease, are losing money by it. In the old days, before the Dominions were proved capable of producing better grain at a cheaper rate than the British Isles can ever do, the system was sound. It is not so to-day. Poor wheat is being grown at a loss where good butter could be produced at a profit. Passable oats and barley are being harvested—when the weather is dry enough to allow it to be done—where the best cheese could be safely made in any quantity. The abundant rainfall of this country instead of being a cause of loss should be a source of profit. At the present time good crops of grain are rotting in the fields. For the last three seasons this has happened with sickening regularity. Had these crops been turned into fodder, or the highest class of fodder been grown in their stead, there would have been big profits.

### AN IDEAL DAIRY COUNTRY.

Great Britain is annually importing dairy products to the value of millions of pounds. In 1921, according to official statistics, it imported butter to the value of over £42,000,000, cheese to the value of over £17,000,000, milk in various forms to the value of over £11,000,000—a total of over £70,000,000. Seventy million pounds lost to the British farmer. With other unspecified dairy products the amount is over

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£75,000,000, all of which the farmers of the British Isles should have for carrying on their business, as against the yield from grain crops all too frequently grown at a loss. Great Britain is an almost ideal dairying country. The comparatively small areas of Australia that are suitable for dairying are now rarely used for any other purpose. Before dairying became general in these areas their owners and occupiers were poor men. They are now very prosperous, most of them driving their own motor cars to and from town. It has been done by organisation and co-operation in the dairying industry. Australia produces better wheat than Great Britain can ever grow. Great Britain can produce as good butter as anything Australia can show. Why not stop growing inferior wheat—generally at a loss—and produce a good butter, always at a profit? It will, as it has done in other countries far less suitable for it, lift the farmer from penury to prosperity. By increasing the supply of the best food known it will lessen the infantile

mortality and improve the health and stamina of the whole of the people. Displace failure and put in its place success. W. M. FLEMING.

#### THE BAPTON SHORTHORNS.

It will give pleasure in many quarters to learn that the Shorthorn herd and the estate of Mr. Deane Willis at Bapton, instead of being put up to auction, have passed into the possession of Sir Cecil Chubb, by private sale. The transaction is large and important, the largest and most important of its kind if we except the sale of Sittyton from which herd Mr. Deane Willis drew his foundation stock, as was explained in our "Agricultural Notes" of last week. Were it only for the continuity of a tradition it would be good news if the new owner decided on keeping the herd in its old habitat. Its great success under the rule of Mr. Deane Willis shows that this estate on the edge of Salisbury Plain is admirably fitted for breeding the Shorthorn.

## THE AVOCET



CAN anything be done to stay the list of extinct British fauna from increasing? I wrote last about the British pine marten, an animal on the border of extinction, and I should like now to put in a word about the avocet.

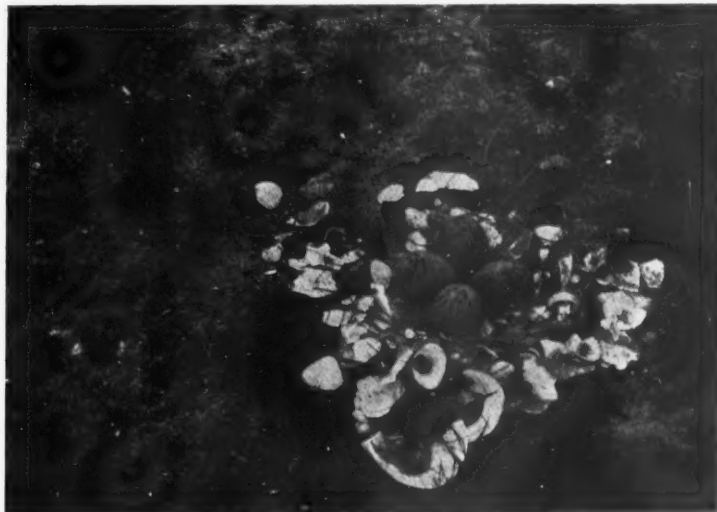
This beautiful wader has become extinct as a British breeding species, though it occasionally visits our shores in the spring and autumn, on its way to and from its breeding haunts elsewhere; whether any of these spring visitors escape is another question, certain it is that of the few that touch our land, most are shot to grace the list of British killed specimens. A strictly preserved sanctuary of marsh land in Norfolk or Lincolnshire might gradually induce such birds as the spoonbill, avocet, ruff and reeve, harriers and short-eared owl, to say nothing of greater rarities, again to breed with us. At the beginning of the last century the avocet bred in at least five of our counties, four of them on the East Coast, viz., Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Kent, also in Sussex, but now one has to cross the North Sea to Holland to see the avocet breeding.

He is a bird well worth studying. First there is the beautiful combination of black and white. It would be interesting to know all the reasons that go to this combination. In the badger and zebra, among mammals, we believe it to be protective, as, for example, the invisible herd of zebra in the African moonlit

forest, told of by Drummond, who only saw them when they moved. At a little distance black and white have a tendency to merge into grey and to become invisible, but in the case of the avocet, I suspect, they are more important as recognition marks to help to distinguish them from other nearly allied members of the same species, such as the stilt. Next, what a curious up-turned bill he has; compare it with other birds that affect a like locality: the spoonbill and curlew, for instance. The former has his banjo-shaped bill, which he fills in shallow water on the mud flats with crustaceans, and works in a curious rotatory motion, expelling the water and grinding his food. The curlew, on the other hand, drives his long downward-curved bill into the soft mud or marsh, and secures worms and molluscs

too deep for most other birds; but the avocet, unlike either of the former, when feeding in shallow water, moves his bill from right to left and, owing to his up-turned tip, catches the sandhoppers and crustaceans with a scythe-like motion. In the same way he catches insects in the short grass, when feeding in the water meadows or saltings; they have been likened, when two or three of them have been seen walking diagonally one behind another, to a group of reapers each with scythe or sickle bending to their work.

It is wonderful how much there is to learn of the habits and food of some of our waders from their bills alone, and yet



THE SHELL-DECORATED NEST.



# THE MAGNASCO SOCIETY

BY TANCRED BORENIUS.

FOR a long time interest in the works of the Italian painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has been virtually dormant, almost the sole exception to this condition of things being afforded by a small group of Venetian *Settecento* artists such as Tiepolo, Canaletto and Guardi. Signs are, however, no longer wanting that a more generally appreciative attitude towards Italian painting of the period referred to is beginning to gain ground. Two years ago a memorable loan exhibition was held in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, embracing the Italian schools of the *Seicento* and the *Settecento*. Over a thousand pictures were shown: borrowed not only from public and private repositories in Italy, but also from collections scattered all over Europe. So impressive, both by its size and quality, was this demonstration of Italy's pictorial performance during the two centuries which intervene between the Renaissance and modern times that its results are likely to be of a permanent nature. Materials for a study of Italian Baroque painting are again being eagerly sought after, and where, outside Italy, could enquiries of such a character be more fruitfully pursued than in England? Ever since the days of the "grand tour" undertaken as part of a liberal education the English private collections abound in late Italian pictures. Considerations such as these have prompted the foundation of a new society, under the presidency of Lord Gerald Wellesley, "for the purpose of furthering the study and appreciation of what, for the lack of a more precise term, we may call Baroque Painting." The first loan exhibition arranged by the Society has just been opened at Messrs. Agnew's galleries.

A word may be said in explanation of the name of the new body—The Magnasco Society. Alessandro Magnasco (1681-1747) was a Genoese painter hitherto but little known in this country whose art may be said to form a connecting link between the *Seicento* and the *Settecento*. He excels in romantic landscape subjects, in which there often is a distinct echo of the style of an earlier Master like Salvator Rosa; but his technique with its freedom and boldness, his wayward, fantastic invention point the way to the art of a Tiepolo or a Goya. Hence he stands in the centre of the phase of art with which the Society concerns itself, and he has accordingly been chosen to give his name to it. In the exhibition Magnasco is represented by three excellent and characteristic works. One (No. 29, lent by Mr. Osbert Sitwell), reproduced overleaf, is a big, luminous canvas showing a typical North Italian landscape, with figures in contemporary costume. The whole is treated with great breadth as well as sensitiveness and crispness of drawing, and altogether we feel that this work strikes a curiously "modern" note. Still more fascinating perhaps is a smaller landscape (No. 4, also lent by Mr. Sitwell) which is extraordinarily romantic in invention and dramatic in its quality of expression. The scene is laid on the fringe of a grove, an ordinary Italian cottage being seen in the background. However, they are no ordinary beings that people the scene: a dryad and two satyrs have been moving among the trees, when suddenly they catch sight of two crosses, and rush away in headlong flight, terror-struck. A bald description like this can convey nothing of the poetical charm of the composition. It has to be seen to be appreciated, and in front of the picture we are also made to realise how much Magnasco's conception of romantic landscape and his method of rapidly brushing in the foliage of his trees must have meant for a later artist like Fragonard, of whose study of later Italian art there is, indeed, abundant evidence. Finally, the "Maundy Thursday Sermon" (No. 10, lent by Mr. F. D. Lycett Green) is an excellent illustration of the more Goyaesque vein of Magnasco's, who never wearied of exploring the bizarre and dramatic situations which met his eye in the world of the contemporary monasteries.

Numerically, the present exhibition is almost evenly divided between the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries. Two very important examples, belonging to the earlier section, are the large Salvator Rosas lent by the Duke of Beaufort from Badminton: one, "The Nursing of Jupiter" (No. 28), a very noble mythological composition, somewhat reminding one of Poussin, and now, unfortunately, much darkened; and the other (No. 32), the famous allegorical picture of Fortune. Salvator Rosa has shown the fickle goddess enthroned in the air and emptying her horn of plenty over a gathering of somewhat incongruous recipients—bulls, sheep, a donkey, a hog, etc. The vague political satire contained in this composition was looked upon by his contemporaries as so daring that the artist



"PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL UBALDINO, PAPAL LEGATE OF BOLOGNA, 1625."

By Guido Reni (1575-1642).

was compelled to flee from Rome after having exhibited the picture! Apart from its historical interest, this work also shows Salvator Rosa, the painter, to great advantage, the quality of pigment and brushwork in the various animals being quite excellent.

Several artists are shown in this exhibition in novel and unusual aspects. Guido Reni for instance, so hyper-affected in many of his works, has here, for one thing, a very noble, quiet and monumental composition, "The Birth of the Virgin" (No. 16, lent by Mr. Colin Agnew); while the full length portrait of Cardinal Ubaldino (No. 30, lent by Mrs. Benjamin Guinness) is quite a remarkable piece of simple, forceful characterisation, and a joy to the eye through its subtle harmonising of the various shades of red which go to make up the scheme of colour. Again, who, knowing Carlo Dolci only as the author of countless sentimental Madonnas and saints, could have guessed that he painted the two extraordinarily fine portraits of Sir John Finch and



"GAMBLERS AT THE RIDOTTO," by Pietro Longhi (1702-1786).



NORTH ITALIAN LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES, by Alessandro Magnasco (1681-1747).

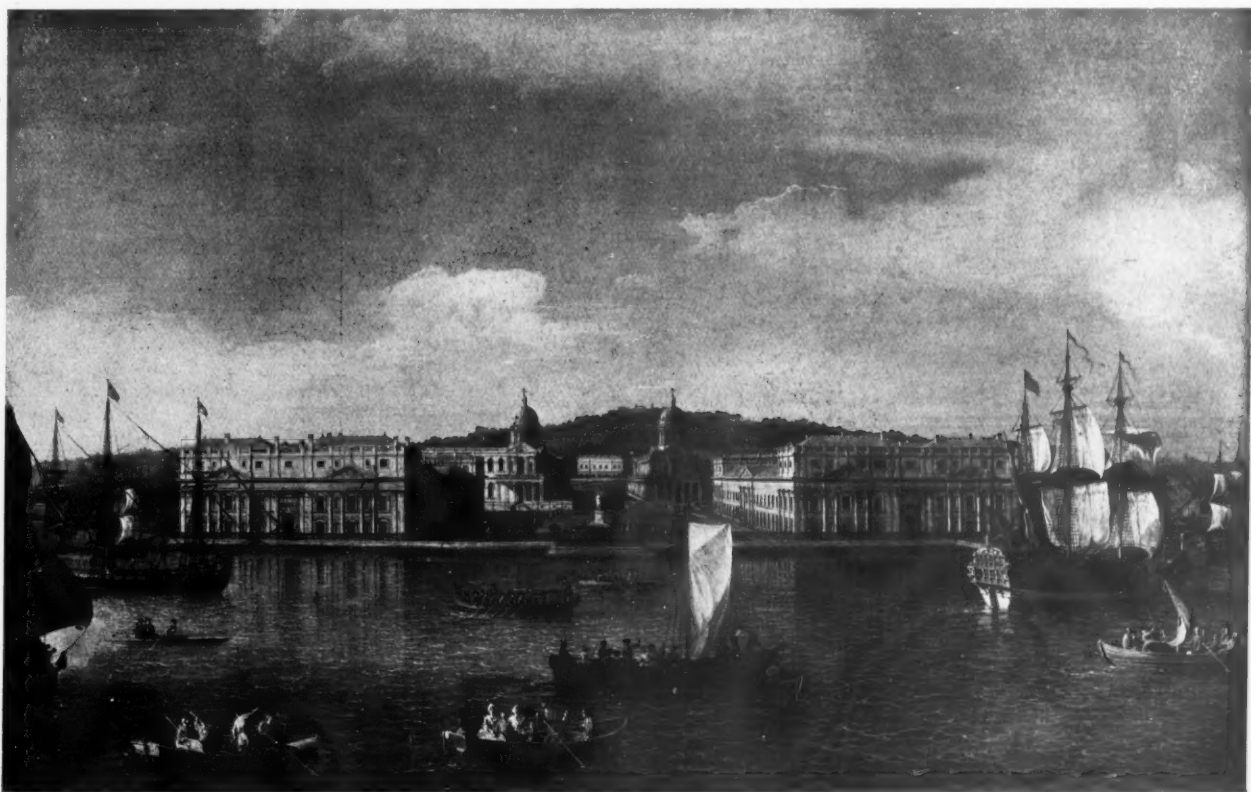


"THE EDUCATION OF THE INFANTE LUIGI ANTONIO JACOPO AT PARMA—THE BURNING OF HERETICAL BOOKS." By Giovanni Battista Tiepolo (1696-1770).

Sir Thomas Baines (Nos. 24 and 26, lent by Mr. Wynne Finch) ? Still, the contemporary records are there to prove it.

Turning to the paintings of the eighteenth century, we find that the Masters of the Venetian school are present in force, though an exceptionally fine Panini, "A Fête in the Piazza di Spagna, Rome" (No. 19, lent by the Duke of Wellington), must be mentioned among the works which arrest and retain attention. There are several brilliant Tiepolos in the exhibition, the most important examples being two scenes from the Education of the Infante Luigi Antonio Jacopo of Spain, who, created a cardinal at the age of eight, was sent while still a child to Parma, where he was brought up by monks. One of these pictures, here reproduced (No. 3, lent by Lady FitzGerald), represents the young prince watching a number of monks proceeding to the destruction by fire of some heretical books—a most weird composition, in which the influence which Magnasco, through his paintings of kindred subjects, exercised upon Tiepolo is very plainly visible. The companion picture (No. 7) represents a Recitation, by a man dressed up as a Roman warrior and accompanied by chamber music : here the audience is interspersed

with figures in the typical Venetian costumes with masks, as we know them from the works of the portrayer-in-chief of the butterfly life of Rococo Venice, Pietro Longhi. A characteristic Longhi subject is exemplified in the delightful picture of "Gamblers at the Ridotto" (No. 15, lent by Mr. Charles S. Carstairs); while Pietro Longhi's son, Alessandro, is seen to unusual advantage in the superb full-length of a Venetian Procurator in his red robes, dominating the whole room (No. 25, lent by Lord Lascelles)—an eighteenth century essay in the manner of Tintoret ! The close artistic connection which existed between Venice and England in the eighteenth century is a well known fact ; and it is fitting that the exhibition should contain some illustration of it. A puzzling "Classical Subject" (No. 17, lent by Lord Gerald Wellesley) represents well Sebastiano Ricci, the brilliant precursor of Tiepolo, who worked in this country at the beginning of the century ; and the "View of Greenwich" (No. 22, lent by Mr. Walter S. M. Burns) shows us Antonio Canale at his best, so definite, so precise, and yet achieving such an exquisite quality of luminous and atmospheric effect.



VIEW OF GREENWICH, by Antonio Canale (Canaletto) (1697-1768).



**B**ISHOP POCOCKE, coming from Ireland into Yorkshire in 1750, tells us how, going through Barnsley, he "came in two miles to Wentworth Castle the seat of the Earl of Strafford, called in the maps Staynberhall."

Staynber is clearly a contraction for Stainborough, a township in the parish of Silkstone that contained the house and much of the estate which a Cutler sold to Thomas Wentworth, Lord Raby. We have seen (*COUNTRY LIFE*, September 20th) that that title was conferred in 1640 on Sir Thomas Wentworth, together with the Earldom of Strafford, but with a wider remainder than the earldom, in that, in default of male descendants of his own, it was to pass to his brother's male issue. Thus it did not lapse on his son's death in 1695, but came to his great-nephew. This barony, however, is all that did come to him then, for the estates were not settled with it but were left by his cousin, the second earl, to a sister's son, Thomas Watson. Thus Raby became head of the ancient Yorkshire family of

Wentworth, but lacked its ancestral home of Wentworth Woodhouse. Being, as was Swift's opinion, "infinitely proud," this rankled sorely with him, and the leading endeavour of his active yet somewhat narrow mind was to make his position in Yorkshire equal if not superior to that of the usurping Watson, up to whose boundaries the Cutler property nearly reached. That is why Stainborough was bought in 1708, why a score of years later it was re-christened Wentworth Castle, why by a prudent increase and husbanding of means it developed into as important and dignified a place as was Wentworth Woodhouse in Thomas Watson's days, and, lastly, why wires were pulled to make sure that the Strafford earldom should be revived in the person of the owner of Stainborough, and not in that of the owner of Wentworth Woodhouse.

The great Lord Strafford's younger brother, Sir William Wentworth, fell fighting on the Royal side at the Battle of Marston Moor in 1644. He was of Ashby Puerorum in Lincoln-

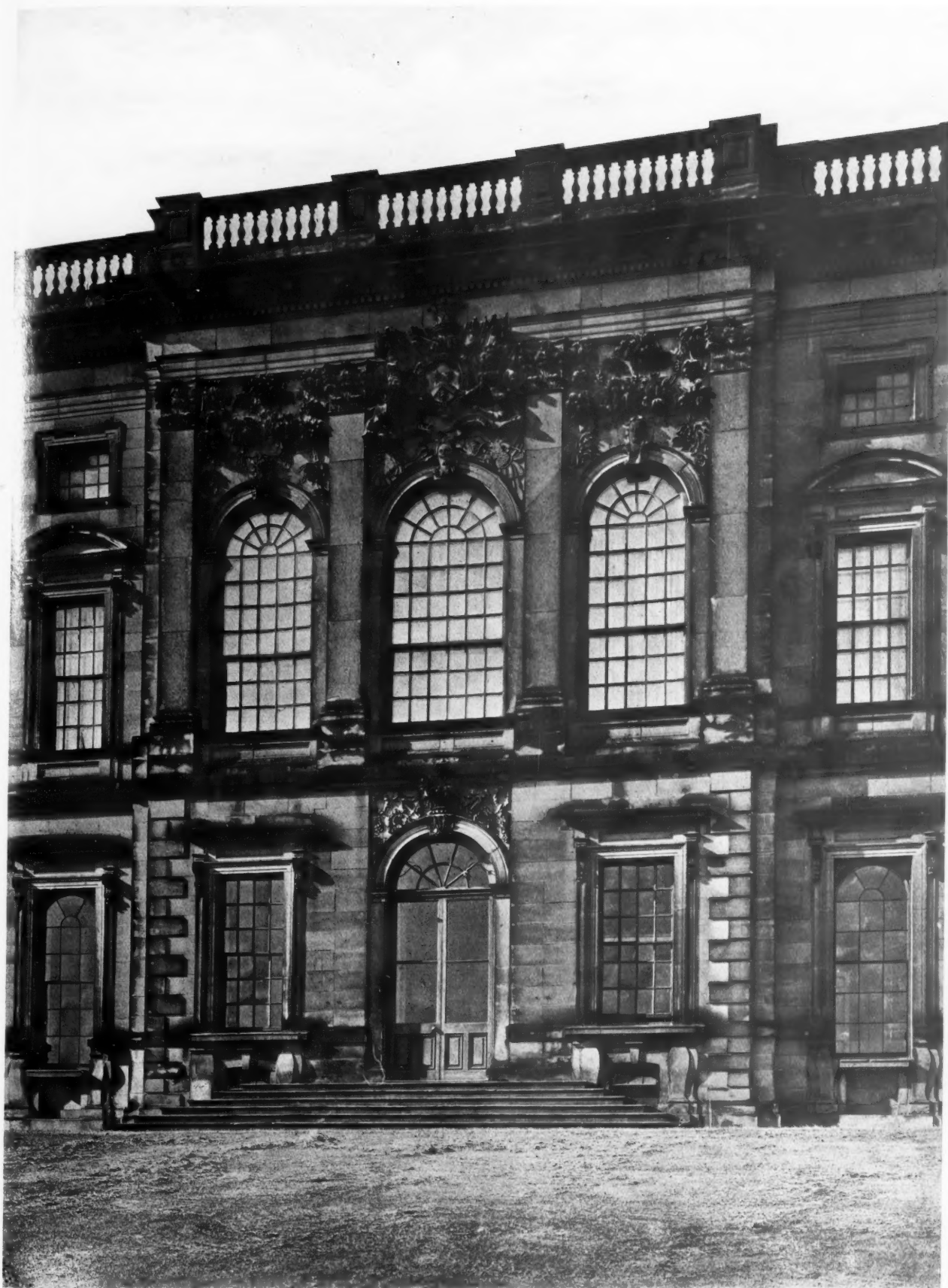
shire, but through his wife (the co-heiress of Thomas Savile of Northgate Head in Wakefield) so considerable a Yorkshire property came to his son, another Sir William, that he was made High Sheriff of the county in 1672, the year when his second son, Thomas, was born and was baptised in Wakefield Church. Sir William, who represented Thirsk in Parliament, was seldom in the North, but lived with his family in London and the parts about. His wife's brother, Sir Allen Apsley, was of the household of James II both as Duke of York and as King, and she and her children were employed at Court. But although she was a Bedchamber woman to the Queen when the Pretender was born in 1688, and although she was convinced of his legitimacy, yet her family must have favoured the Revolution, for William III, even before he was declared King, signed a commission for young Thomas Wentworth as cornet in a regiment of horse in which his elder brother William had a troop. Not only William and Thomas, but the younger Paul and Allen were soldiers fighting for William III against Louis XIV, and all but Thomas met with an early death in that employment. The year 1692 was a turning point in Thomas' career. His bravery at the Battle of Steenkirk brought him under the direct observation of his sovereign, while the deaths of his father and elder brother put him at the head of his family. He it was, therefore, who, on his cousin Strafford's demise in 1695, became Lord Raby and head



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1.—THE EAST FRONT FROM THE NORTH-EAST.  
It was completed by the third Earl of Strafford, circa 1715.

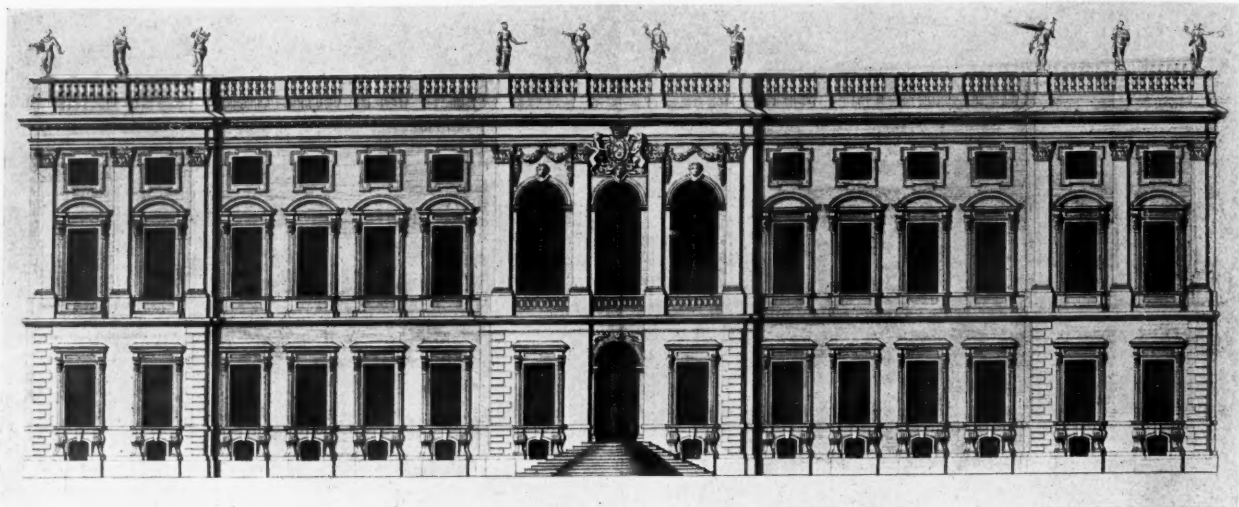
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE CENTRE OF THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"



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3.—THE EAST FRONT AS IT WAS DESIGNED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the Wentworths. Previously to that he had become major of the first troop of Guards and a groom of the chamber to William III, whom he attended throughout the arduous siege of Namur. By 1697 he was in command of the Royal Regiment of Dragoons; but diplomacy rather than military service occupied him during the Marlborough campaigns. In 1701 he had been sent on a special mission to congratulate the Elector Frederick of Brandenburg on his being crowned King of Prussia, and the new monarch was so pleased with him as to ask to have him as permanent ambassador. This post Queen Anne personally persuaded Raby to accept, and from 1705 to 1711 Berlin was his chief place of residence. In his absence his mother, Lady Wentworth, and his only surviving brother, Peter—who held a post in the Royal household—are his correspondents, and from their letters (published in 1883 in Mr. Cartwright's

"Wentworth Papers") we learn much of the family concerns, including the purchase and alteration of Stainborough. Neither mother nor brother were economists, and Raby, who could only hope to rival the Watson influence in Yorkshire by assiduity in the making and saving of money, kept a tight hold on the purse. He had bought a Thames-side house at Twickenham in 1701, which his mother, with Betty, her unmarried daughter, and a supply of pets such as monkeys and dogs, occupies a good deal during his absence abroad. Thence she writes, in her very individualistic orthography, in March, 1705:

My dearest deare child, we came hear last Tewdsday, which hendred me from writing. Indeed your gardens are very fyne and in very great order. We drinck your health every meal.

But the furnishing is not up to the gardenng, and my lord's



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4.—THE HALL OF THE CUTLER BUILDING CIRCA 1670.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

agent has very strict orders as to expenses, so the letter proceeds to say :

Our Bedstids being old and craysy just as Betty stept into bed broak all to peesis : it can not be mended. I hope you will order Mr. Elleson to gett a new one. I will try to patch this up as well as we can, or to Borroe one tell we gett one. Mr. Elleson ses you ordered the Dogs alowanc to be stopped, you know you always allowed a lever, and sheeps head, when your self and all your famely was hear.

Much space is taken in the letters by the question of Raby's marriage. That any match he makes must be with an heiress is taken for granted. The problem is to find an heiress at once rich enough and of sufficiently good looks and good family. Not only the mother and brother, but Bromley, the Yorkshire agent, are in hot pursuit. Bromley discovers a likely widow, but she does not wait and is soon re-married, as Lady Wentworth writes out in April. In June she says of Lady Rachael Noel, who has been to see her, "I wish you had her, they say she has at least thirty thousand pd." In October, however, though this young lady is still on the *tapis*, there is an alternative :

My sister Batthurst gives a great carrector of Johnson's Daughter the great fortune. I wish you had her, or Lady Rachell, the last I lyke mightely, she has soe much goodnes in her looks.

But in the next year Lady Rachael became Duchess of Beaufort, and there is no further mention in the correspondence of "Johnson's Daughter," although when Raby obtains the coveted earldom in 1711 she becomes Countess of Strafford. The interval gave Lady Wentworth the opportunity of making many further suggestions, and even wishing she knew of a spell to give Lord Carbery "that he might be as desierus to have you his sun in law as I am of having it soe." Meanwhile, economy, if not practised, is promised. She will endeavour all she can to keep out of debt and "will promis you to break none of your chyney." But London and Twickenham are expensive places where she is known and must keep up appearances. She suggests, if necessary, to retire somewhere "without a footman and other sarvents, and leving sneekingly and petefully." Yet the son's fortunes are much on the increase, and while he is home from Berlin for a few months in 1708 the purchase of Stainborough is completed. Here the Everingham had been lords of the manor from the days of Henry III to those of Elizabeth, towards the end of whose reign we find Francis Everingham abandoning parcels of the land to Thomas Cutler. His



5.—THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE STAIRS IN THE CUTLER BUILDING.



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6.—THE STAIRCASE IN THE CUTLER BUILDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7 and 8.—IN CHAMBERS IN THE CUTLER BUILDING.  
Now called the Kingfisher and Robin Rooms.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

grandfather, Lawrence Cutler, had been a local yeoman who made some little way in the world and so could breed to the law his son John, and John, getting on in his profession, had a grant of arms three years before he died in 1588, leaving a considerable a fortune to his son, Thomas, that he was able

to possess himself of the whole of the Everingham acres before he died in 1626. His son became Sir Gervase, and married first an heiress and secondly an earl's daughter. The Civil War, however, brought to an end both his prosperity and his life. The last glimpse we have of him is leaving Stainborough with



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9.—THE GREAT CHAMBER OF THE CUTLER BUILDING, NOW CALLED THE AVIARY.

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a thousand pounds' worth of silver plate and taking it to be coined for the King at Pontefract, where he died in 1645. His son, another Sir Gervase, was an expensive man with an encumbered estate, so that when he died in 1705 his son Henry had to look around for a purchaser, which, after a while, he found in the person of Lord Raby, who is said to have given £14,000 for the estate. He will have found a considerable house there, some of it, perhaps, so old, inconvenient and decayed as to be pulled down, but also a more recent block with a seven-windowed front some 80ft. long and 50ft. deep. It appears to be of Charles II date, but three sides of it now butt up against or are separated by areas only from the great new buildings that date since 1709. The fourth side, which has the original main entrance at its centre, looks north and is not illustrated. But several rooms within it are very representative of their date. The first will have formed the entrance hall of the house as rebuilt or added to by the second Sir Gervase Cutler about 1670. Facing the front door are double doors opening on to the stairs, the door-case including a massive

hung with tapestries, as was clearly intended and no doubt done. The woodwork has not the broken architraving and whorls beloved by John Webb, and yet is reminiscent of his style. The heavy swags and drops of the chimneypiece, and the scrolled frieze in the same manner as the stair balustrade, are, like the figures supporting the shelf, such as a follower of Inigo Jones with insular and even provincial training might well have accomplished. The much simpler room lying west of the aviary and called the Blue Tit, and the two chambers lying east of it and named Kingfisher and Robin, are all by the same hand and head (Figs. 7 and 8) and can be matched elsewhere among the surviving Yorkshire manor houses of immediate Post-Restoration date. All this, and no doubt more, Raby found standing on his new purchase. But such moderate-sized and low-ceiled rooms were not of the kind that would rival and annoy neighbour Watson, and an altogether differently conceived addition was at once decided on. Some preliminary plans will have been made before Raby, who had come to England in the May of 1708, left it for Berlin in September. They had



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10.—THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HALL OF THE STRAFFORD BUILDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bolection moulding bigger than the ample one of the side door, seen in the illustration (Fig. 4), but about the same size as that of stone forming the 7ft. wide fire arch. The enriched panels, with Cutler heraldry, above the chimneypiece may have been brought from an older part of the house, as the style implies a pre-Civil War date. In that case, the second shield from the left will have been added by the second Sir Gervase, as his arms impale those of his wife, Dorothy Frankland, whom he married in 1665. But as the very conservative Yorkshire joiners went on producing furniture of this character long after the Restoration, the whole of this woodwork may be of that date.

Passing through the double doors, we find a spacious staircase with the pierced-panel balustrading (Fig. 5) usual under Charles II. It is a fine specimen, boldly and skilfully carved (Fig. 6). As at Dunster and Eltham, Tredegar and Tythrop, boys play about amid great circling acanthus scrolls and blooms. The newel posts have plain panels and no finials, but the broad handrail sweeps up against them and curls back like a wave. Going up, we find four very interesting rooms of the Cutler period. Over the hall is what will have been called originally the Great Chamber, but in later times acquired the name of the "aviary" (Fig. 9). It was a room of considerable richness when the portions of the walls that are not wainscoted were

taken shape by the following March and are in brother Peter's hands, who writes about them as follows:

I went t'other day to make a visset to Lady Bathurst where I mett my mother and she desire I wou'd show your Plans. She stood amased at it, and said the least such a building cou'd cost inside and out wou'd be ten thousand pounds. There was Mr. Lang the Parson who is her Oracle said he was sure 'twould come to a great deal more. I confest my ignorance that I cou'd make no computation of the matter . . . we wish you mony enough to finish such another wing, and long to enjoy it, tho' for some years shou'd it have no more then one, it might overlook little London for its Statelyness and make his Great Honour burst with envy and his Little Honour pine and die. Serious I think it will make as fine a show as any house in Yorkshire. I wont say as any in the North, for they say Lord Carlile's has already cost him above 40,000.

Castle Howard—which Peter Wentworth, strangely enough, places in the North but not in Yorkshire—had been begun in 1702, and Vanbrugh's influence had become paramount in the county, so that although it is an obscure point who exactly designed the west front of Wentworth Woodhouse, we found it (COUNTRY LIFE, September 20th) very Vanbruggian in manner. The same may be said of the east front of Stainborough, although in a rather lesser degree. The high round-beaded windows of the central section remind one of the same section on the

south side of Castle Howard, while the gallery to which they belong has something of the same disposition and features as that at Gilling Castle. The plan which Peter Wentworth showed to his mother and his aunt in March, 1709, may have been drawn for Raby by Bott, a Berlin architect, and sent over to Peter as a general idea of what was intended. But it seems to have been a considerable time before building began, as several letters show us that the materials, as well as the plan, remained for a while a matter of consideration and debate. But from the first it was a scheme to add a wing to the modest Cutler block so big and ambitious as to throw into the shade what then stood of Wentworth Woodhouse, and to make the Hon. Thomas Watson-Wentworth "burst" and his son "pine." That son was afterwards to make his house a far bigger thing than that of his cousins, but in 1709 even the west front of it was certainly not built and perhaps not even under consideration, so that it is more likely that it was inspired by Raby's new wing, than that Raby endeavoured to build up to and surpass it. In the first volume of his "Vitruvius Britannicus," published in 1717, Colin Campbell included an

accomplishments was enlisted as an adviser. That was Robert Benson, then engaged in the creation of his fine house and stately grounds at Bramham (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. L, page 416). He was the son of a York attorney who had owned Red Hall, near Wakefield, and so had been known to, but not liked by, Raby's father. Thus Lady Wentworth writes to Raby in April, 1700:

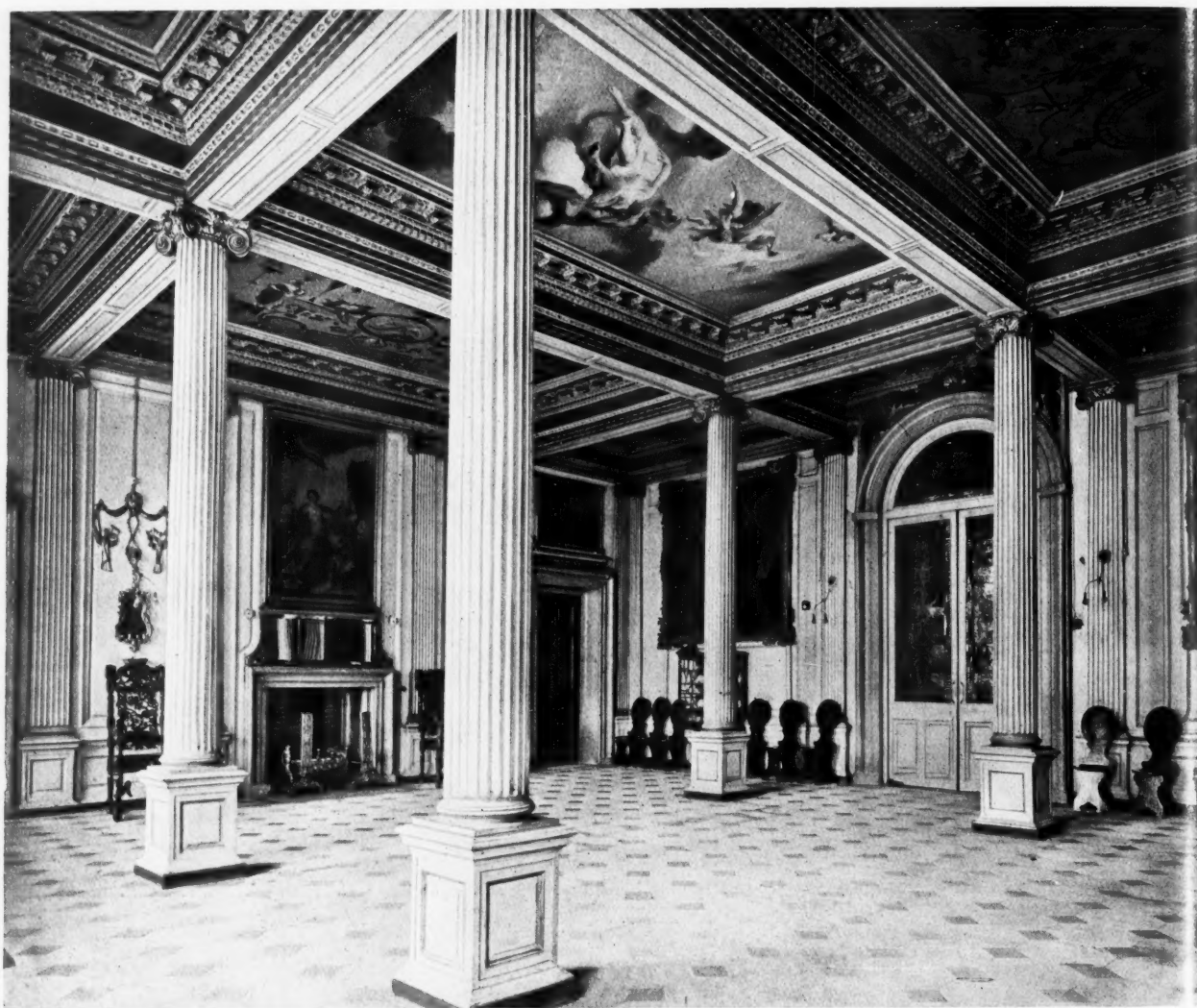
Your brother Wentworth tells me Mr. Benson is to look after your buildin in Yorkshire. I have found him out to be an old aquaintenc of myne, his father was your father's mortell enemy, but his mother was particularly kinde to me when I was in Yorkshire.

Like Benson, Raby built of fine Yorkshire ashlar, but at one time he thought of using ashlar for dressings only and writes to his cousin Bathurst:

I am going on as hard as I can drive with my building and am at last persuaded to make it of brick and stone as Hampton Court is, and which I am assured will look better than all stone.

That was written in February, 1710, when Peter Wentworth also finds that

by your resolve of having it like brick and stone 'twill be like the Dutchess of M—— house she has built in the Queen's Guardn, wch is said to be one of the most perfect Models thats in England.



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11.—THE HALL OF THE STRAFFORD BUILDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

elevation of the new Stainborough front (Fig. 3) and plans of the ground and first floors of both the Raby and the Cutler building (Fig. 12), and says:

The whole architecture is after the Venetian Manner, performed in Stone; and all is agreeable to the Politeness Quality and Distinction of the Patron. Anno 1715.

The date will be that when the structure was completed, but when interior work and decoration were still in progress. The rather fatuous reference to the Patron may mean something or nothing. The absence of the name of any architect is quite as usual with Campbell as its inclusion. Raby may have had some general idea of what he wanted and how to dress it "after the Venetian Manner." While no professional is mentioned in the correspondence, two names, connected with the undertaking, do occur. Raby's local agent, Bromley, was deemed capable of looking after the operations of building, and a neighbour with an established reputation for architectural

This shows that Marlborough House, as originally built, was accepted as the best London house of its period.

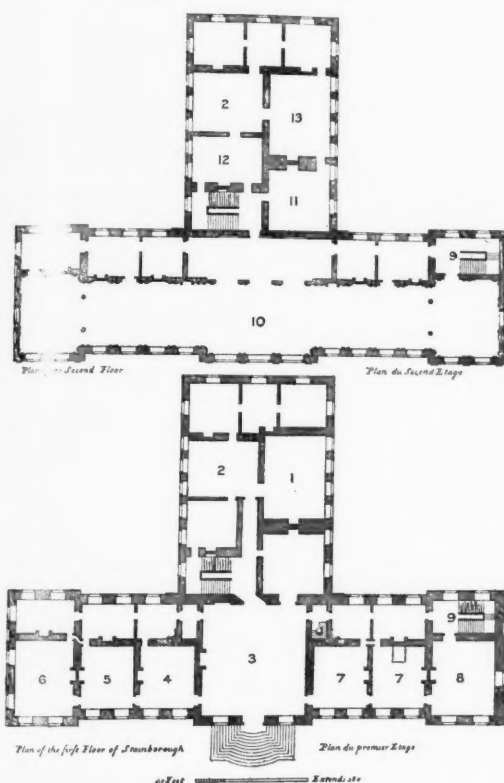
Although Raby at the beginning of 1710 was "going on as hard as he could drive," it must have been with foundations only, for a year later he was still sending from Berlin alterations in the design of the house to be adopted "if the prise wou'd not rise by it." So sparing in expenditure is his lordship that, although he himself is far away at Berlin, yet he evidently thinks that Bromley can control building operations without any professional or trained supervisor. Against this ill-advised thrift, brother Peter warns him, telling him that the Duke of Shrewsbury, who built Heythrop, and the Earl of Scarborough, who built Stansted,

did agree there was no Building without a Surveyor, even when they agreed by the great; wch agrees with the advise Mr. Benson is always desiring to send you word, you must be at the expense, wch, in the main, will be money saved, for a blunder in building is not to be repaired without great expence and lost in time and labour.

To increase his means was a leading concern with Raby. He thinks he is forgotten at Berlin where he "spends more than the Queen's pay." Has he, while Marlborough's victorious campaigns are in progress, made a mistake in exchanging active military service for diplomacy? As for lucrative offices at home, Marlborough is not proving the friend that William III had been to him, and "all good places are given as soon as they fall, that an absent man can get nothing." Yet in a long letter to Cadogan—from which the above are quotations—written from Berlin in 1709, in which he urges his claim upon the Strafford earldom, and his means to keep up the dignity, he says he now has £4,000 a year of his own and adds:

Nay, I have bought a pretty estate very nigh him who the late Lord Strafford made his heir, which with that I had before in that country, I have almost as much land in Yorkshire as he has.

Marlborough and the Whigs did not push his claims sufficiently, he began favouring the other side, and it is Harley who gets him the earldom in 1711 and appoints him a plenipotentiary to



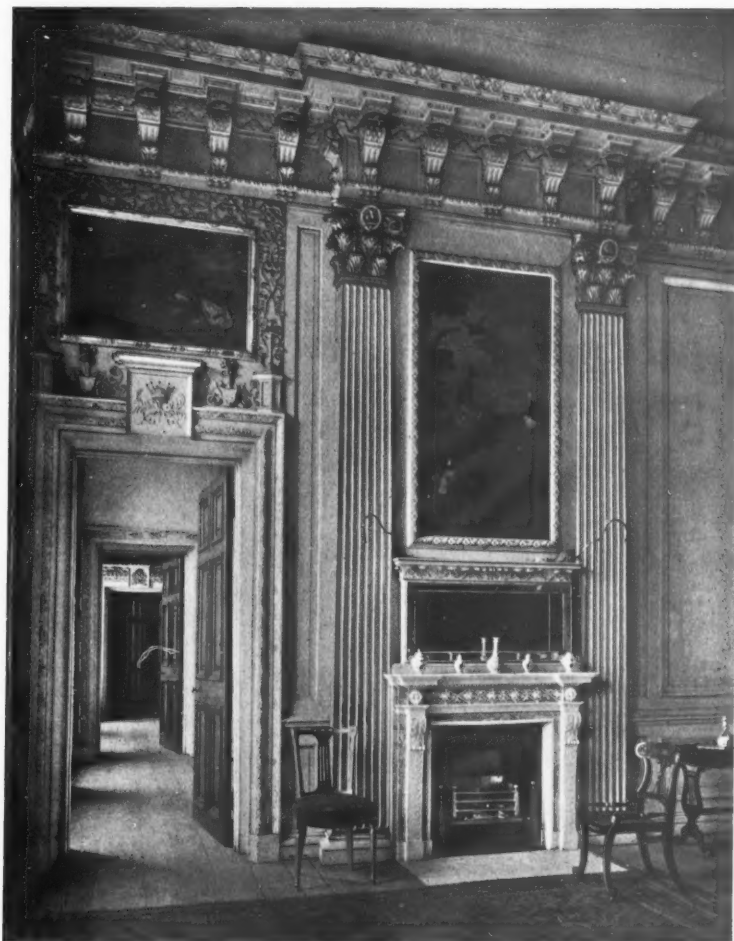
12.—PLAN FROM VITRUVIUS BRITANNICUS, 1717.

1.—Hall of 1670 building. 2.—Staircase of ditto. 3.—Hall of 1715 building. 4, 5, 6.—Suite of ante, bed and sitting rooms in 1715 building. 7, 7.—Made one room and called drawing-room in 1768. 8.—Called dining-room in 1768. 9.—Staircase to gallery. 10.—Gallery. 11, 12, 13.—Chambers in the 1670 building, now known as Aviary, Kingfisher and Robin rooms.

negotiate peace with France. Harley and the Tories had come into office in the summer of 1710, and in the following January Lady Wentworth hears that her nephew, Allen Bathurst, is to be made a peer and writes to urge her son to move for the coveted title:

Everybody tells me Mr. Bathurst is to be made a Lord; himself denyse it. He is, next to you, the finest Gentleman and the best young man I know; I lov him dearly. Sure now you will get sombody to speak to the Queen to make you Earl of Strafford; I would have it to hender Watson from it—God forgiv me.

Allen Bathurst was one of the twelve peers created in 1711 to give the Ministry a majority in favour of peace. Raby was made Earl of Strafford and moved from the Berlin to the Hague embassy, and in that capacity, with another Yorkshire man, Bishop Robinson, he negotiated the treaty of Utrecht, which, however, was not signed until the spring of 1713. Meanwhile he had ended his



13.—THE ANTE-ROOM OF THE QUEEN ANNE SUITE.



14.—THE SITTING-ROOM IN THE QUEEN ANNE SUITE.

mother's task of seeking heiresses by making "Johnson's Daughter the great fortune" his countess as soon as the earldom had been conferred. The fortune was all that could be desired, but the blood on the father's side was not quite of the blue type which we might have expected the "infinitely proud" man to deem essential in his wife. Thus Defoe tells us in his "Tour Through Britain" that a little higher on the Thames than Marlow.

is Hurley, an ancient Seat of the Lord Lovelace; and that Brand of the Family being extinct, as the whole is fince, it came by the Daughter and Heiress to Sir Henry Johnson of Blackwall near Ratcliffe, who originally was only a Shipwright, or Mafter-builder, at the great Yard and Dock there, of which I shall speak in their Place. The Lady left only one Daughter married to the Earl of Strafford who now enjoys the Hurley Estate in Right of the Lady.

Thus we see that the mother's pedigree fully cloaked the father's "shipwright" origin, and as the contemporary estimate of the new Countess' fortune was £60,000, Strafford was now a rich man, who, besides his own estates, offices and ready money, estimated that he had at this time "£12,000 in plate and jewels, besides pictures, very rich furniture and equipage in Holland to a considerable value." As a successful negotiator of the peace and a pillar of strength to the Tories, further advancement and fortune would have come to him had the Tory Ministry continued. But the death of Anne and the supremacy of the irate Whigs under George I meant retirement if not proscription for all those who had taken an active part in the peace policy. Strafford was allowed to continue at the Hague until the end of 1714, but his public career then ended and there was even a threat of impeachment. Thus he had leisure to superintend the completion of his Yorkshire home and the improvement of his estates. If not the new wing, at least the Cutler building, will have been habitable before his final return from The Hague, and in the summer of 1718 we hear of his entertaining "much company" at Stainborough, as his correspondents were still calling the place. But even then the gallery will have been incomplete, as it is the autumn of 1725 when Lord Bathurst writes that on his way from Staffordshire to Castle Howard he "could not pass so near Stainborough without calling there." He finds the family away, but has "great satisfaction in seeing the place so much improv'd" since his last visit, and thinks that "the Gallery is a very magnificent room, now the pillars are up." It is still much as the owner's cousin then found it, as will be seen by the illustrations to appear next week. The whole of the fifteen windows of the first floor of the east elevation (Fig. 1) belong to it, as well as the Venetian windows at the north and south ends of this Queen Anne wing the centre of which to the west is set against the east side of the Cutler block as seen in the plan published by Campbell (Fig. 12). It shows the Cutler rooms as we have described them, except that the fine staircase is not indicated in the space which it occupies—and must always have occupied. As there is a sharp fall of the ground from west to east, the ground-floor level of the Raby building is some six feet below that of the Cutler block. That necessitates a flight of steps up from one to the other, and that was evidently proposed to be attained by putting in a complete and ample staircase in the room at the back of the great new hall and then destroying the old one. Fortunately, better views prevailed. The Cutler stairs remained, and steps were introduced to rise from the lower to the upper level. Otherwise the plan (except that the two rooms, 7, 7 on plan, were altered to one) is likely to be exactly as the house was until additions were made about 1760. The elevation also scarcely differs from the drawing. The latter shows rather more reticence in the ornamentation of the central section (Fig. 2) than we find in reality. It is here, as in the corresponding feature at Wentworth Woodhouse, that the Vanbrugh influence and the reputation of Castle Howard are traceable. This front has suffered no change beyond the cutting down of the sills and the renewal of the sashes of all the ground floor windows except those that flank the central glazed doorway which became the ceremonious entrance. The Great Hall (Fig. 11) into which it opens is a square of some forty feet. So great a span demanded pillars supporting entablatures which divide the ceiling into one central and eight side panels. In the former is painted an Aurora, while the latter have charmingly executed and coloured decorative subjects still in the manner that Berain had practised in France towards the end of the seventeenth century. Facing the front door is one of like character through which the Cutler and other parts of the house are reached. Either side wall is pierced by two smaller doorways of grey Derbyshire marble, so boldly moulded as to need a block of the material measuring in section about 18 ins. by 12 ins. Between the south side doorways is the chimneypiece, while the space opposite is occupied by a large

equestrian portrait of Lord Strafford (Fig. 10). To the left is seen an almost equally big picture, sumptuously framed and representing the Kings of Prussia, Poland and Denmark. The two latter were with Frederick of Prussia in 1709, and the picture commemorates the occasion of all three having dined at the British Embassy, when the Queen of Prussia was also present, as we learn from a letter which Lord Raby—as he still was—wrote to his Aunt Bathurst in the following January:

After treating my Kings and a Queen I set out for Italy, and overran all that glorious agreeable country in two months time. I was above six weeks sick in bed in Rome of a violent fever got by the excessive heats in travelling thither in the dog days.

He had the due decoration of his new building in mind and bought a number of pictures

which, though it cost me a great deal, yet it is a furniture for me and my posterity. I have about 30 pictures, most part original by the best hands or the copies by good painters after the best pictures in Rome, and had I had time there I should have ruined myself with buying up such sort of curiosities.

This does not sound like an enthusiastic acquisition of works of art for art's sake, but of goods commercially purchased at a regretful expense for a set purpose, and the reason for the extravagance, together with the canker ever at his heart, appears in a letter to another member of the family:

I have great credit by my pictures and find I have not thrown my money away. These are all designed for Yorkshire, and I hope to have a better collection than Mr. Watson.

Some of them appear in the great hall and adjoining rooms, three of which running *en suite* south of the hall formed an apartment intended for the reception of Queen Anne had she lived longer and honoured her ambassador with a Yorkshire visit. They all three show the same treatment; the walls are partly fitted with large panelled wainscoting and partly arranged above the dado for tapestries, which were there to within the last half-dozen years. Doorways, set linable by the window sides of the rooms, give a vista, and are themselves richly wrought, the carved architraves broken at the centre of the top by a panel containing the crest, cypher or coronet of the owner, and supporting, especially in the case of the ante-room (Fig. 13) an elaborate framing of a picture of birds, of Hondcoeter type, of which a larger example is over the chimneypiece. The chimneypiece is a small but charming example of carved Carara marble set on a background of Siena, and is flanked by fluted Corinthian columns, rising up to the modillioned, or rather consoled, cornice of the room, the capitals having on them the Wentworth crest surrounded by the garter. The central room was the bedroom, and the third one the parlour (Fig. 14), which is very similar to the ante-chamber except that the chimneypiece is wholly of white statuary marble, and the round topped frame, containing a sacred subject, left room for some fine Grinling Gibbons' carving, which went at the same time as the tapestries. Behind these rooms were others of lesser size and importance.

To the north of the hall, the 1717 plan shows exactly the same disposition, but that was modified to the extent of making the two first rooms into one, and so it was found by Arthur Young, who visited the house in 1768 and tells us

The other side of the hall opens into a drawing room 40 by 25. The chimney-piece exceedingly elegant; the cornice furrounds a plate of Siena marble upon which is a beautiful festoon of flowers in white; it is supported by two pillars of Siena wreathed with white, than which nothing can have a better effect. The door-cases are very elegantly carved and gilt. Here are three fine flabs, one of Egyptian granite and two of Siena marble; also several pictures.

Among these he mentions Cattle pieces by Salvator Rosa, and these, together with the chimneypiece which he so much admired, yet remain in the room. It has, however, been subjected to alteration. The scheme using this space for two rooms, as shown in Campbell's plan, was probably abandoned in the course of erection, although this may possibly have been deferred till 1760, when, as we shall see, the fourth Earl of Strafford made large additions and alterations to his father's building. Had Young found it used for an eating room we should certainly have surmised that the alteration was made in 1760, Horace Walpole having complained, when there a year or two earlier, that the house contained no adequate dining-room. But in 1768 it was still the drawing-room; and the dining-room was the 20ft. by 25ft. room beyond it. That was, in more recent times, thrown in by the removal of the intervening wall, and the whole 60ft. length is now called the dining-room. Through it is reached the staircase leading to the gallery. We will not, however, ascend it till next week. H. AVRAY TIPPING.

# TANTIVY, TANTIVY!

THE "OLD BERKELEY" COACHING SERVICE TO BRIGHTON.



"A TRIP TO BRIGHTON" (1824). STARTING OFF.

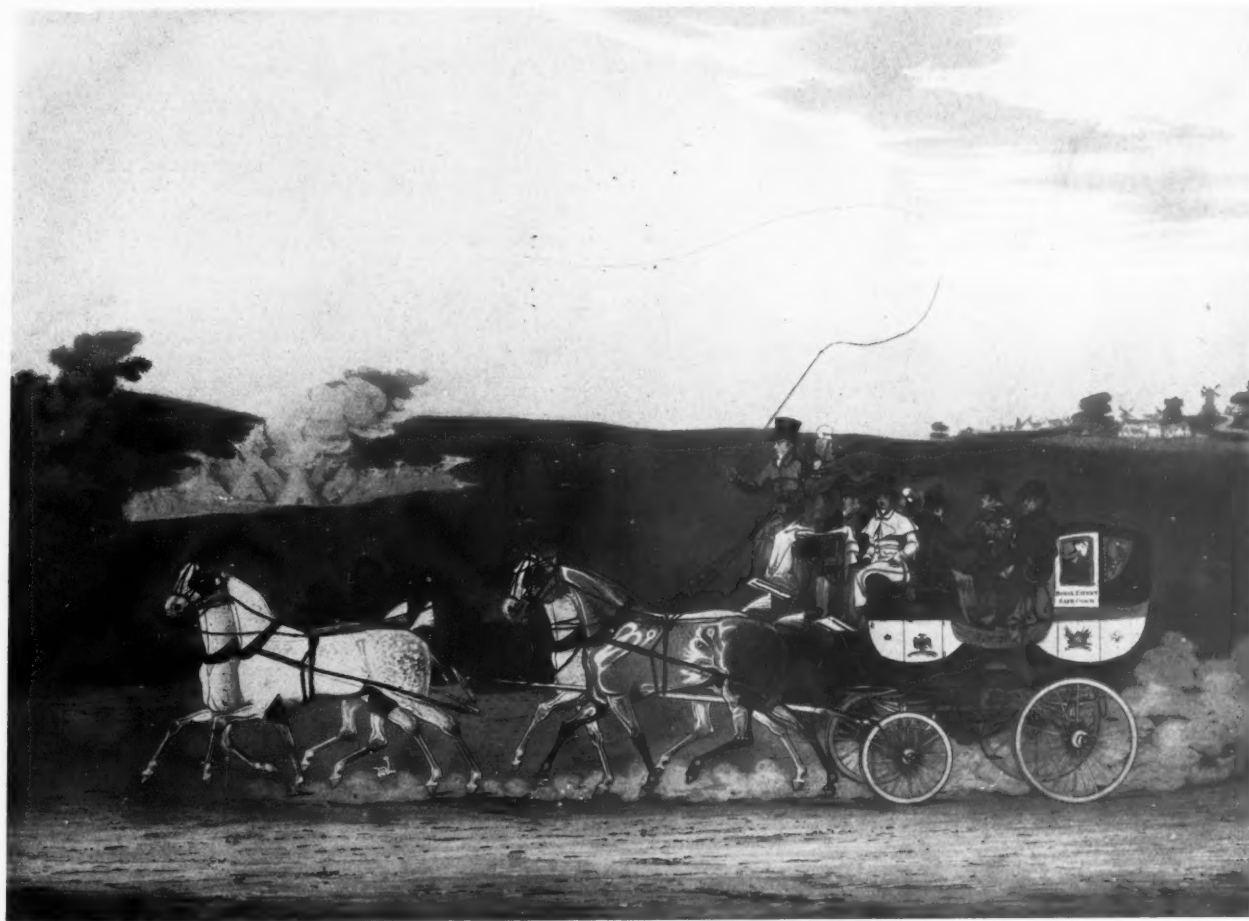


"A TRIP TO BRIGHTON" (1824). ON THE ROAD.

UNQUENCHABLE in the English heart is the love of a horse! During the thousands of years in which man and horse have been companions in war and peace and each learned by experience to trust the other, a feeling of companionship came into being that has not been dispelled by a few years of mechanically-propelled traffic. Indeed, it never can be quite obliterated, simply because the motor, be it never so wonderful with regard to speed, comfort and even beauty, is not alive; it does not respond to the rein, but to the lever. The horse cannot claim to be compared with the motor from a utilitarian point of view, but it still retains human affection. There is also a special admiration for the coaching horse. In the past it was associated with some of the most enlivening moments on the country road. The sleeping inhabitant began to stir and look about when a

tootle of the horn told of the approaching mail. It is no wonder, then, that a very lively interest has been aroused by the resumption on Saturday last of a stage-coach service to Brighton. The coach in question is the famous "Old Berkeley," which is timed to leave Hatchett's Restaurant, formerly the White Horse Cellars, at 10 a.m. and to arrive at the Metropole Hotel, Brighton, at 5 in the evening. There are to be seven teams of typical coach horses for the journey and the changes are to be made at the same places *en route* as were used in the good old days when the late Jim Selby won a great wager by driving his coach from London to Brighton and back in seven hours and fifty minutes with not a horse the worse for it.

The revival will be very welcome, as coaching languished amid the life and death interests of the war. Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt ran the "Viking" and the "Venture" on alternate days



"BRIGHTON COACH" BY JAMES POLLARD.  
From prints in the collection of Messrs. Arthur Ackerman and Son.

between London and Brighton and later Lord Leconfield put on the famous "Old Times" with "Ted" Fownes as coachman until the war broke out. After the war Mr. Norman Perkins ran the "Nimrod" in 1920. The resuscitation of the coaching service to Brighton is mainly due to the enthusiasm and enterprise of Mr. Claud Goddard, who, with his private coach and black team has been a familiar sight at the various agricultural shows, where he deservedly carried off many prizes for driving. The first journey was a complete success. A lively crowd had assembled at Hatchett's to give the coach a rousing send-off. Mr. Goddard, as senior partner in the venture, started with a brown and chestnut in the wheel and a chestnut and grey in the lead, and the start was punctual. The first stop was at the King's Head, Roehampton eight and a half miles, in several minutes less than the hour, a very good pace considering the slippery roads and the traffic. General White was the next to carry the whip with roan and brown wheelers and brown and chestnut leaders, and the nine miles to the King William IV at Ewell were covered by 11.50. Three browns and a chestnut driven by Mr. Bertram Mills were the next performers. Reigate was entered by the tunnel road and Charles Wilson, standing on the steps of the White Hart, timed the coach as two minutes in front of scheduled time. "Ted" Fownes took charge of the first of the new teams, three browns and a bay off-leader, and the well known whip showed himself the master he is with horses that were new to the work. Horley Chequers was the next stop and at it thirty-five minutes were allowed for lunch. At the White Hart, Cuckfield, Mr. Goddard resumed command in



"THE OLD BERKELEY" COACH PASSING HYDE PARK CORNER ON ITS FIRST JOURNEY LAST WEEK.

difficult and hilly country. A drive of eight and a half miles then took them through Burgess Hill to the Friars Oak at Hassocks, where four very smart greys were waiting for the final stage. The coach was only ten minutes late at the Brighton Hotel Metropole, and everyone agreed that the first run had been a very fine one. Kent and Sussex are counties that show at their best in October just before the time when the leaf is stamped in clay, and it was very obvious that the country folk passed in the villages and met on the road were glad in their hearts to see the fine turn-out, the excellent horses and the skill with which they were managed by the masters of the craft. No one after such an experience could deny the charm of coaching.

## A SPORTSMAN'S MEMORIES

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.

A BOOK on Men and Horses by one who was himself a great horseman and a great race rider, a man of horses almost from his nursery, a man who eventually has known and trained winners of all the classical races (except the Two Thousand Guineas), besides a great many who did not win them, a man who has moved for fifty years among all sorts and conditions of men who do their business on those great and troubled waters where so many sink and some few swim, above all a man of high culture and broad and kindly sympathies—well, a book from such a man raises high hopes which will not be disappointed. If Mr. George Lambton was not born in the saddle, a great deal of the saddle was certainly born in him. As one reads *Men and Horses I Have Known*, (Thornton Butterworth) from end to end, from the strapping Verneuil in 1878 down to Diadem, "the sweetest and most gallant little mare," there rises up in endless procession the vision of horses, owners, trainers, jockeys, nearly all now below the turf which once they trod so gaily. Truly a book to make the old blood course faster in the veins. Mr. Lambton in his early teens, and after, had a look in at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge. He, by admission, did not leave a deep mark on the studies of either place, nor they on him. He had already made up his mind that his "profession" was to be the Turf. These youthful aspirations are not always realised, but if ever nature aided by circumstance worked together to put the square man into the square hole—a rare event—this was here the case. He must have been under twenty when he rode his first winner, Pompeia, against no less a rival than Arthur Coventry—he had already bought his first racehorse through the *Bazaar and Mart*! And from that time forward he was in the thick of the fray. Mr. Lambton is too modest to say what others have said: that no man ever had a finer pair of hands. It has also been said that no horse ever ran away with him. And truly it was a time in which an amateur rider needed these natural gifts. The list of his competitors tells its own tale. He says in one place that he thinks Arthur Coventry the best amateur he ever knew; but presently one finds him saying "Perhaps the best steeplechase rider of my day was E. P. Wilson" (a very different type of sportsman). But there were many more whose names are written in history—G. S. Thompson, Bay Middleton, Mr. Brockton, Mr. Abington, Captain Lee Barber, the brothers Owen, besides the great professionals of his day, and it was a great day. One of the pleasant things about this book is the generous nature of the criticism which the writer bestows upon his fellow riders and, indeed, elsewhere whenever generosity is possible. At one point, indeed, he seems to realise how often the phrase "good fellow" must have passed the hands of his printers, but he says he cannot help it. He seems to live up to the principles of that warm-hearted, happy-go-lucky sportsman, Sir John Astley, who by his own account was always more or less "stony broke." "I hope," said he, after being badly done, "I shall never live long enough to lose my faith

in humanity." Mr. Lambton, great rider as he was, never accomplished the desire of his life by winning the Grand National. The same kind of luck attends many another great horseman on the flat or over fences. Once, indeed, he thought he had won, on Savoyard, but sending his horse somewhat slackly at the easy fence on the racecourse he got too near and the pair came heels over head, while Playfair sailed on to glory. Mr. Lambton's opinions on flat race jockeys he has known are not less interesting. He places Archer first of all jockeys, not unconscious of his chief faults, which were too great severity upon his horses (he got better, by the way, later in his career) and a lack of scruple in stopping by any means a dangerous opponent. But he can praise without stint all his great qualities as a jockey, and he has a sympathetic touch for the strangely pathetic note which went along with the ill-fated lad throughout his wonderful career. Other writers have, indeed, placed George Fordham before him, and in the matter of true sympathy with and understanding of his horses that judgment must stand. Mr. Lambton tells a quite touching story of how Fordham, moved by affection for his old mistress the widow Drewitt, failed, or thought he failed, to put his best into his finish (the only case on record), and how he owned up to Sir John Astley. It is a story to the credit of owner and jockey, but it should be read in the author's own words. In judging of the jockeys of the past he says he fears that the modern riders are losing the art of waiting, and he expresses the view that it would still win many races. The instance of Carslake's St. Leger on Salmon Trout has since come in opportunely. Of Fordham, Osborne and Cannon, he says that they were past masters above others in the art of waiting. He gives to Watts a very high place for his quiet masterly methods. He has something good to say and says it well of Mornington Cannon, Maher, Wootton, and he tells us that in Donoghue he finds the same complete mysterious union between horse and rider as in Archer, the moment he gets into the saddle. Of Sloan he says that he was an absolute genius up to a point, and he, too, possessed some magical charm by which he quieted and obtained the confidence of the most unquiet mounts; but he mentions a limit in Sloan's power which perhaps will be new to most readers. For whereas Archer never lost his resilient spirit and courage, whatever bad luck befel, Sloan became utterly dejected and was often practically useless. Those who remember the pallid, long-haired lad perched with his knees towards the sky on the back of the gigantic Holocaust in the Epsom paddock will find their interest re-awakened as they read again the opinion in which Mr. Lambton seems to share, that Holocaust had Flying Fox beaten when the poor grey broke a fetlock. Most people took, and take, the view that the broken fetlock was the result of a bad knuckle-over from distress. Naturally, the old question, ever new, never to be settled, comes to the fore, "Which is the best horse?" that the author has known. He decides for St. Simon or Ormonde (Gladiator lies back beyond his ken. Mr. Lambton was still running in "nurseries"

when that mighty champion was above ground). His verdict is the same as that of many another. It was the verdict of Matthew Dawson (concerning whom Mr. Lambton has very much to tell us), who, in a letter written to the present writer, accompanying one of Minting's plates, expressed the same view. It was, indeed, a great hour for a lover of the thoroughbred on that "Two Thousand" day when Ormonde, Minting, Saraband, St. Mirin, followed one another round the "bird-cage." "What a pity they can't both win," said that sportsman, John Porter, as he gazed on his mighty rival. It was a kind of awe that fell on the huge assembly when, after a great race for three-quarters of a mile, Ormonde was seen to have Minting beaten and strode up the hill two lengths in front. A great day, too, when Ormonde, the good big one, and The Bard, the good little one, went forth to their Derby battle with the proverbial result. Mr. Lambton does full justice to both encounters and to many another which has passed into history—Bend Or and Robert the Devil, Orme and La Fleche, Isinglass and Ladas, Persimmon and St. Frusquin, Ard Patrick, Sceptre, Rocksand, and

not least the St. Leger wherein, when the winner of the Derby and Oaks, Shotover and Geheimniss, both non-stayers, had run themselves to a standstill, a third non-stayer, Dutch Oven, with whom Archer had patiently waited, pounced down upon the pair. History has just repeated itself. Mr. Lambton says he is not out to deal with quite modern story—but he cannot refrain from a chapter on his beloved Diadem. Can we wonder or fail to thank him? There is one charming passage where he tells how Diadem, while being unsaddled, would turn and try to rub her nose on the hands of Donoghue, who never had hit her once in all her races. The book has many of these sympathetic touches, beginning with Mr. Lambton's first dog—"the most wonderful dog." Which of us did not think so of his first dog, and will go on thinking of them so till his last? The author, one judges, is one of those "who loveth best both man and bird and beast." True, we do not find anything about birds, unless it be the human goose who here and there flaps across the scene, and the foolish bird generally points his own moral before he disappears.

## A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

Sard Harker, by John Masefield. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

**M**R. JOHN MASEFIELD has found a most appropriate "jacket" for his tale of creeps and shudders. It represents a bed of flowers blue and white-striped with two bony hands outstretched towards them. The story may be described as a shocker of twenty horse-power dominated by a monstrosity in the shape of a man who calls himself Sagrado the Holy One, "a horrible man who practised magic among other things." These words are from the heroine to her brother, and the villain of the play cannot be more effectually introduced to the reader than by a continuation of this talk:

"He wanted me to help him in a rite, and when I refused, he said that he would make me help him."

"What was the rite?"

"Oh, one of the last infamies. It is unspeakable. When we were in Cuba last winter, I heard that the negroes practise it."

"Who was this fellow?"

"He called himself the Holy One. His real name was Hirsch. I don't know what his nationality was: he spoke all languages. He was evil if ever a man was."

It needs be said at once that this horror comes near being the ruin of the story. He is in no sense human, but such a monster as might have stood model to a gargoyle. In the final scene, which is obviously intended to make the hair of the reader rise in horror, the effect is to cause a smile at the exaggeration and extravagance of the creation. The tradition is wholesome that scenes of torture, murder and outrage should be relegated to the background of either a novel or a play.

It is pleasant to turn away from the more brutal part of the story and consider its unmistakable merits. Mr. Masefield has made a happy choice for the scene of his romance. Las Palomas, his imaginary city where the story begins, is far away to the windward on the seacoast of the Tierra Firme. No doubt his vigorous pen picture of the country round about comes from his experiences there when he was a cadet in the merchant service. At the date of the story, say thirty years ago, "there was open savannah to the north and north-west of Las Palomas city." An hour's walk enabled the pedestrian to reach primitive forest from the heart of the city. It was country made familiar to us by the Conquistadores, and the mansion known as Los Xicales was inhabited by General Martinez, descendant of one who came there with Cortez. There General Martinez lived "in faith, poverty and style." Xicales are the flowers on the wrapper.

They were not jicalas not jicaras, as many thought, but trumpet-shaped flowers, with blue and white stripes, which General Martinez had brought there from the Indian territory. They were neither convolvuluses, petunias, nor hermositas, though like all three. They were just "xicales," which is as near as the Spaniards could come to the Indian name for them, which means, simply, "flowers." The house might have been called "the flowers" without loss of time.

The journeying of Sard over this land so well suited to be a theatre of adventure forms the best feature of the novel, but would have been even more attractive if the author had not found it necessary to invent so much pain and hardship for his hero. Although this by inference is a love story, there is no love-making in it. Sard when very young had seen the lady and longed to see her again. Though journeys did eventually end in the lovers meeting, the delays do not stimulate interest. In the last act of the drama the lovers meet as prisoners under the shadow of death. The issue compels a forced and too sudden conclusion fit only for a picture play.

It says much for the genius of Mr. Masefield that in spite of these drawbacks he makes the adventure of Sard intensely interesting. As an example, it would be enough to point to the meeting with rum runners in the neighbourhood of Santa Barbara. The gang were engaged in putting their freight

ashore when Sard strayed unwittingly into their midst. At the cry of "Strangers in the house" a dozen silent men with pistols in their hands surrounded him:

"Stop just right where you are, brother," the man on Sard's right said.

Sard stopped.

"Drop them palos and put them up." The tone rather than the words made Sard drop his sticks and lift his hands.

"Are you alone?" the man asked.

"Yes."

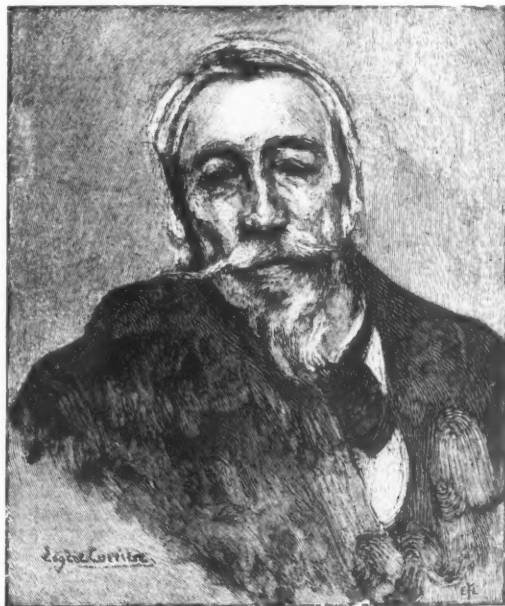
"Move right down to the edge of the jetty. Keep your hands up."

"I can't walk without sticks."

"Walk him down there, two of you."

Two of them did "walk him down" to the edge of the jetty. Ill as Sard was, the men, their voices and their every action, made him feel that his life hung upon a thread.

Here at least Mr. Masefield is painting manners.



ANATOLE FRANCE, BORN ON APRIL 16, 1844, DIED ON SUNDAY NIGHT AT TOURS.

We reproduce this portrait by Eugène Carrière, engraved by Ernest Florian, from Mr. J. Lewis M'ys excellent biography, by permission of Mr. John Lane.

The Old Ladies, by Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

FOR a man, successful and in the prime of life, to project himself into the varying mentalities of three very lonely, very poor, very old ladies, is about as considerable a feat of the imagination as an author could set himself. And in the case of two of his old ladies Mr. Walpole is really convincing. Mrs. Amorest, Miss May Beringer and Mrs. Agatha Payne live, each in a single room, on the top floor of an old house in Mr. Walpole's favourite "Porchester," and the "windy, creaky, rain-bitten dwelling-place" is vividly set before us, the house in which no one lived except the three old ladies, and to which no one ever came except, for two hours each morning, the warm-hearted charwoman whose services they shared. It is Mrs. Amorest and Miss Beringer who, while widely contrasted types of old ladies, are both thoroughly credible human beings, the one in her pride, delicate dignity, goodness, fine feeling and passionate love for her absent son, the other as a plain, awkward, stupid but entirely well-meaning spinster who, with a longing to be allowed to bestow affection, has only once in her life, for six months, found anyone willing to accept it. It is natural enough that the gift of this one woman friend, a fine piece of red amber, should become Miss Beringer's dearest possession; but with the uncontrollable

craving for it of Agatha Payne unreality enters the book. We cannot help feeling that, in drawing Agatha, Mr. Walpole has succumbed to a besetting temptation of his, which is to make our flesh creep at all costs. He does end by making it creep, in the chapter in which Agatha literally frightens poor May Beringer to death, but we think he pays too heavy a price for the triumph. And, no sooner are we released from the gruesome spell of that chapter, than we find ourselves again reflecting obstinately that "there never was no sich person" as Agatha. For all the care and detail with which Mr. Walpole describes her, she remains a character who never becomes real to us in the way that Mrs. Amorest and May Beringer are real. Mrs. Amorest wishing she could afford a second sardine for lunch, or finding her quite legitimate expectations from a rich relative materialise in the form of a silver matchbox; Miss Beringer awaiting in the warmest place, bed, the luxury of her Sunday morning boiled egg, or refusing to face the stark reality lying at the end of the one hundred and fifty pounds which was all she had left after the "wise old gentleman with silvery hair and a benevolent cape" had done with her; these things touch the heart and live in the memory as Agatha Payne's dark broodings and sluggish plottings do not. In spite of Agatha, however, the book as a whole is a fine and moving piece of work, a genuine expression of sympathetic understanding and pity for "unregarded age, in corners thrown." One minor point may be questioned; would not Mrs. Amorest's son have needed to be an income tax collector, at the least, before the post office authorities would have yielded up to him anyone's change of address? And one minor felicity, the favourite ejaculation of Mrs. Bloxam, the charwoman, must not go unhonoured. Whether Mrs. Bloxam is pitying one of her three old ladies or one of her own little children, she has only a single phrase in which to express her feelings, but it is a beauty. She remarks of all of them, "Poor worm."

V. H. F.

A HIGHLAND FARM IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.  
Every-Day Life on an old Highland Farm, 1769-1782, by I. F. Grant. (Longman, Green and Co., 12s. 6d.)

DIARIES of other times are sure of a welcome from students of social history and the many curious to pry into the habits of our ancestors. But Miss Grant, from eighteenth century account books of a certain William Mackintosh of Balnespick, has built up a society and its environment, natural and hereditary, of most uncommon interest. Her ancestor, William Mackintosh, or just "Balnespick" as Highland habit has it, was a tackman. A "tack" is a Scottish term for a lease. The Chief of the clan gave to his kinsmen tacks of land, they sub-let the land, and these sub-tenants were counted on in warfare. In the eighteenth century this was more or less a survival, as cattle-lifting and the feuds involved had passed away. No longer, alas! did Highland lairds count their daughters' tochers by the light of the Martinmas moon, according to the old saying. At Martinmas the cattle were in good condition after summer feeding. We gaze sentimentally at the harvest moon, but by "Lochiel's lantern" many a laird lifted cattle for a daughter's dowry. There was no artificial feeding for winter, every blade of grass would be eaten, and at the end of a hard season the cattle had to be carried out from the byres to the new pasture; one in five perished from starvation. A five year old bullock was no bigger than a Guernsey—query, is this a slip of the pen for Jersey?—a cow only gave a Scots' pint of milk a day and only calved every second year. The horses died, too, from lack of provender and were

very poor-looking creatures. Miss Grant has searched contemporary accounts of farming and living in the Highlands, and her analysis of the farming accounts and condition of agriculture in an isolated community resident on the banks of the Spey between Kingussie and Aviemore deserves the study of modern agriculturists. But the general reader will enjoy the chapters which describe the manner of people who inhabited these remote regions and won a hard living from poor soil with summers uncommonly like that we have just gone through. The harvest was very variable, starting as a rule the third week in September and the stooks were often out in November. The people, gifted with imagination, inheritors of rich stores of legend, had the compensation of famed ancestors—for what clansman was not related to chieftains of high degree? Everyone knew and gloried in his pedigree. General David Stuart of Garth said that when he was a boy the old people could recite long epic poems. When a stranger appeared in the hamlet the first question would be, "Bheil dad agad air na Fheinn?" (Can you speak of the days of Fingal?) If this mythical historical period was at his tongue's end, then the folk assembled and, by the flicker of fir candles and warmed by the glowing peat fire, would listen entranced and tell their own wild stories of warlocks and ghosts. Fortunately, the brownies were a cheerful race who performed prodigies of work if bannocks and milk were left in the kitchen. The Grants of Rothiemurchus, who lived near Balnespick, had a brownie who would distinguish himself by leaning over the Laird's shoulder as he played at the dambrod and advise his next move. What a kindly familiar he must have been.

When winter's wind blew sharp and shrill  
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill

the ingleneuk must have seemed brighter still for the chance of seeing at the Laird's elbow one of the wee folk. The passing of the fairies is thus recorded in an official document: "The Venerable Principal Baird, whose labours of love will long be remembered with heartfelt gratitude in the Highlands of Scotland, has contributed, by his benevolent exertions, in an eminent degree to the expulsion of fairies from the Highland Hills" (Second Statistical Account for Parish of Alvie, 1845).

The brownie that cheeped in the ear of the Laird  
Was banished with frowns by the Principal Baird  
On the magical mirror his commonplace breath  
Shrivelled kind antique Fables, sent fairies to death.  
In his day he was blest but from Badenoch's glen  
The fairies migrating have taken the men.

Irresistible call from faerie lands forlorn to the penny-a-rhymer! But what "wae ramsteerie facs," as the auld wife said, history unfolds without going over the borderland to glamourie. In the account book are often mentioned agricultural operations on farms given in satisfaction for the wrongful beheading of William, fifteenth Laird of Mackintosh, by the Marquess of Huntly in 1556. The former had a quarrel with the latter and feared for vengeance on his clan. So in Huntly's absence from home he rode forth to call on his dame, thinking to obtain easier terms. It was Martinmas, and the lady was in the kitchen superintending the cutting up of the meat for salting. The Laird pleaded for his clan and offered his head as forfeit. The lady briefly bid him to lay it on the block where the carcasses were being cut up and then signed to one of her helpers to remove it with his chopper.

## VICTOR AND VICTRIX

By BERNARD DARWIN.

MANY a keen golfer must last week have cursed the limitations of time and space which prevented him from being simultaneously at Cooden Beach and St. George's Hill. It would have been great fun to watch the battle between Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch, but it was also great fun watching the *News of the World* Tournament. The latter was my lot, and a very pleasant one. It would be idle to deny that something went out of the tournament on that Wednesday morning of unspeakable rain on which so many of the great men went down in the mud. Of the golfers whose personalities have gripped the public imagination, only Herd remained. The others who survived played splendid golf; they can hit the ball as well as anybody can desire, but they cannot, or at any rate they do not, quite in theatrical language, "get it across." The public is ready to be



ERNEST WHITCOMBE PLAYS A PITCH.

interested, but it refuses to be thrilled as it used to be in the Triumvirate's day.

I must say that when I saw the St. George's Hill course as it was on Tuesday morning, with the tees jammed back to the back of beyond, and the ground very heavy and slow, I could hardly conceive of anyone beating Abe Mitchell. I found, moreover, that the weight of eminent professional opinion was with me. "He's the best dashed player in the world," said one emphatically. "He'll cake-walk it," said another champion. Thus fortified I went out to watch Mitchell on the first day, and did not change my mind. It was not that he was faultless, but the impression that he gave of power in reserve was immense. Where other people were toiling to get home with brasseys, he got home with an iron, and what looked like an easy iron shot at that. And his driving, when he won and when he lost

A VET

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fighter in



A VETERAN HERO; SANDY HERD.

was perfectly magnificent. I do not think I ever saw him hit so far and so straight, and he was so astonishingly firm on his feet while he was doing it. Nearly all other fine drivers, excepting only J. H. Taylor, have their right heel off the ground at the moment of impact, but Mitchell is like a rock on the flat of both his feet. Unless it be Rolland, whom I never saw, I do not believe there ever was so fine a driver.

However, no man is invincible, and Mitchell did not win. When he started out in his match with Gadd he looked as if he were going to annihilate him: he won the first two holes and he had a putt to win the third. He missed it and that checked the rot. He had the better of the fifth and the sixth, but could not quite rub it in, and that not only stopped the rot altogether, but seemed suddenly to turn Gadd from the hunted into the

hunter. From that point one had somehow the impression that Mitchell had all his work to do to hang on to his lead. He did hang on to it till the turn, but then Gadd started with a rush of threes and played like a conqueror. He is much too good a player to be let off, and I have no doubt Mitchell thought so several times in the course of that round.

That was only one of the hard matches that fell to Gadd's lot. The spectacle of him toiling up the hill to the eighteenth hole, mopping his brow but always smiling serenely, became a regular feature of each round. His best "get-out" was against Tom Williamson. He was three down with eight to go and only just on the edge of the eleventh green, whereas Williamson was only five or six yards from the hole. No man in the field however, had a greater capacity for holing long putts. He is a rather laborious and "made" putter, but he is a very, very good one, and he selected this moment for holing right across the green for a two. Another two came at the fourteenth—two twos in four holes is severe, to say the least of it—and finally, when he was dormy one, he shut the door by laying his pitch dead.

Against Whitcombe Gadd played very well, but he was clearly feeling the effects of all those desperate finishes, and faded just a little in the last nine holes. I was watching one hole in company with Sherlock and he remarked, "I wonder if these two are as tired as I was when I won this tournament fourteen years ago." Two hard eighteen-hole matches a day, with the feeling of having to begin all over again in the second round, will take it out of anybody. It was, as I thought at least, because Whitcombe was just a little fresher that he managed to beat Gadd in the final. Otherwise there was really very little in it. In point of style, of course, there was a good deal, for Gadd's swing is rather complicated and unorthodox, whereas Whitcombe's is as rhythmic and smooth and round as need be. Till I watched his great tussle with Herd in the semi-final, I had often seen him play a few shots, but never a whole round. I was entirely convinced by what I saw. He is thoroughly armed at all points. He has plenty of length and dash, and no one has a defter, neater touch in those telling little chips near the green. In the final he especially excelled in the iron shots of a hundred and fifty yards or so to the green. He pushed the ball up to the pin beautifully straight and never looked as if he meant to do anything else. He has the same inter-locking grip as his brother C. A. In point of grace he must perhaps take second place to that brother, but as a downright fighter in the long-drawn-out rough and tumble of a fierce match

I am inclined to think him the better man. At any rate they make a fine couple, and I wish somebody of a sporting turn of mind would back them against any other two in an old-fashioned foursome match.

I have left to the last the man who, with all respect to Whitcombe, must be regarded as the hero of the tournament. Needless to say, I mean that immortal warrior Sandy Herd. How he did waggle and what shots he played after those tremendous windings up of his machinery! That machinery was a little stiff and creaking in the joints, I suspect, after the dreadful, wet Tuesday, and in his match with Whitcombe he certainly was not driving quite so far as he sometimes does, but for sheer fighting power, for beautiful and artistic shots, for holing out of nerve-racking putts his display could not be beaten. One always felt that Whitcombe had the legs of him at the very long two-shot holes, and it was in fact this little bit of extra length that finally decided matters. But the fate of the match hung on a thread and Whitcombe's ball hung on the lip of the nineteenth hole for a very perceptible moment before falling in. A better match between two more thorough golfers I never wish to see.

Whenever one watches professional golf one is struck by the uniform length and straightness of the driving. Indeed, anything in the nature of even a half-hit tee shot gives one a shock of surprise. On the other hand, the spectator is often impressed by the comparative poorness of the putting and wonders how those who are so perfect in all the shots up to the green can be so imperfect when they get there. This time, however, it seemed to me that there was a great deal of very good putting and not much that was bad. There were exceptions, of course. Everybody must have a bad putting day now and again, and Charles Whitcombe, who had putted like an angel when he crushed Braid, lost his match to Hallam entirely through feeble play on the greens. As a rule, however, it struck me that the putting was distinctly good, and the old parrot cry of the double-figure handicap spectator, "I could putt better myself," was less than ever justified.

The greens, no doubt, made putting as pleasant a business as it can ever be. They looked lovely: they were keen and yet they were not slippery. There were several obviously good putters. Hallam was one; Barber, who, hitherto a quite



GADD GETS OUT OF A BUNKER.

unknown quantity, reached the semi-final, was another. So was Bulton, who had the most entirely natural and unaffected manner of setting about it I ever saw. Tom Williamson and Sherlock are always good putters. So is J. H. Taylor, though the greatness of his other shots sometimes obscures his unobtrusive virtues in this respect. But there was no one of them whom I admired more on the green than Gadd. By sheer hard work he has found out for himself a most effective method of putting, and at the crucial moment when the more natural putters sometimes fail, he is most steadfast and reliable. His very short "back swings" of the putter is not what the wise men of old preached, but it does seem to reduce the margin of error.

Something ought to be said about Miss Wethered, and anything one says must be rather flat. All known superlatives

have been long exhausted in regard to this unquestionably greatest of lady golfers. I have read in the last few days many eulogies of Miss Wethered's wonderful "temperament." She is a great match-player, but she wins not because she has the best temperament, but because she plays much the best golf. Miss Wethered has now won the English Championship for five years running, and if she would like to retire from it, as I believe she would, she is certainly at liberty to do so. A player so outstanding is, in point of feline amenities, between the devil and the deep sea. If he or she plays in a competition somebody talks about "pot-hunting." If he or she does not play, that same kind somebody will find an unworthy motive for such absence. But after this last and most convincing demonstration there is surely no more to be said.

## BLUES AND MAUVES IN THE GARDEN

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

IT is easy enough to dispose the warm colours—red, orange and deep yellow—so as to form important and telling effects in flower borders and elsewhere; but the cooler colours, blue and mauve and all the many shades of purple, require rather special arrangement for the forming of satisfactory garden pictures. For the purpose of these notes I should like to define what is meant by blue, and especially by mauve, a colour word that has come into common use, but that is so loosely applied that it is impossible to know, in the very wide range of what may be called purple colourings generally, what kind of tint is intended. The word itself is the French name of the wild mallow, *Malva sylvestris*, and is an obvious and rather near corruption of the Latin generic name. The colour is a purplish pink rather low in tone, not far from that of the wild thrift, and can be matched by some of the pinkish shades of the common lilac. A rather purpler tone is rightly called lilac. Our language is so rich in colour words for this range of tints that the common slip-slop in their use is the less justifiable. Then we have the useful word "lavender," for a lightish purple of cooler quality. The bloom of common lavender is so constant in tone and kind that when the word "lavender" is used it may be taken to have a quite definite meaning. For deeper, richer tones we have the word "violet." It is true that violets themselves vary in colour from the pale lavender of *de Parme* to kinds of a strong reddish purple, but when we use "violet" as a colour word we consider it to mean the deep, rather cool purple of the *Czar Violet*. Thus we may describe the splendid colour of *Iris reticulata* as a strong and deep bluish violet; for having all these useful colour words for purple flowers, it is easy to connect or modify them by combination. *Heliotrope* is another useful colour word, for, though there are *heliotropes* both light and dark, yet the type colouring that the word brings to mind has some softening of grey about it.

It is much to be desired that our seedsmen would be as careful and as nearly accurate in their description of colour as are our foreign neighbours. There is no class of garden flower that has a wider range of purple colourings than the China aster, but I look in the catalogues of our two premier seed houses and find only very rare mention of the word purple, while varieties in each class are described as light and dark blue. This is extremely misleading, as it may safely be said that there is no such thing as a blue China aster. Equally, there is no such thing as a blue campanula, and hardly such a thing as a blue iris. The little pale grey-blue *Iris pumila coerulea*, whose tone of colouring is so entirely different from that of the many kinds of bluish purple flag irises that are so commonly called blue, is perhaps the only one that may properly claim to be really blue.

When blue is named in these notes, what is meant is a perfectly pure blue, a colour that is perfect and complete in itself—that has no inclination whatever to a reddish or purplish tone. It means the blue of *commelina*, of *Salvia patens*, of *lithospermum* and some of the gentians; of *Ipomœa Heavenly Blue*, of *Anagallis Phillipsii*, of *anchusa* and the best *delphiniums*, with the lighter blues of *forget-me-not*, *Omphalodes verna* and *nemophila*. These, and a few others, may all be described as perfectly pure blues. They are none too many and are, therefore, all the more precious in garden use. There is a quite indefensible colour word that has somehow crept into plant lists, for which there would seem to be no kind of justification. It is the word "amethystine." It is so familiar in this connection that when we see a flower described as "a brilliant amethystine blue" we know that a brilliant pure blue is intended. But why "amethystine"? An amethyst is not blue at all, it is reddish purple. Did it, perhaps, originate in a muddle between sapphire, which is really blue, and amethyst, which is always purple? Did the original muddler think he was saying "sapphirine" when he said "amethystine"? It would appear to be so. In any case, it is time to protest against the misuse of what would be a useful colour word if it was rightly applied.

There is some curious quality about pure blue flowers that obliges one, if one would have them at their best and happiest, to satisfy them by the companionship of a distinct contrast: either of white or of palest yellow. No border of blue flowers is quite satisfactory without this. There are some who desire a blue border or a whole blue garden, who make it a kind of case of conscience that if it is called a blue garden there shall be nothing in it that is not absolutely blue, whereas the flowers may be praying for the company of white lilies or palest yellow snapdragons or sulphur and white hollyhocks. To deny them this is to spoil the garden for the sake of a word!

If a border for the special display of blues and purples and mauves is desired it may begin at one end with a group of *delphiniums* combined with *Anchusa Opal*. It is a good plan to plant a *Clematis Flammula* behind these, for the blue flowers will be over by the middle of July and the *clematis* will grow over them and give a sheet of sweet-smelling white bloom in September. White *phloxes* will come in the middle and white and palest yellow snapdragons. Some tender plants are also wanted—the deep blue *Salvia patens* and the pale blue *Plumbago capense*, the latter grown in pots and dropped in where required. Two of the *hydrangeas* will also come well here, *H. paniculata* and *H. arborescens grandiflora*. Both have the fresh, pale green foliage that is so becoming to blue flowers, and the same effect is continued to the front with that of *Funkia grandiflora*. Here in the front will be the blue Cape daisy, *Agathaea cœlestis* and *Lobelia Erinus*, planted close enough to form a complete sheet of blue. White dahlias are now at the back and white lilies in the middle spaces, and some of the dwarf bedding dahlias, both white and pure pale yellow, come towards the front. The colour now passes to purpler tones, first by the light bluish purple of the dwarf *Agapanthus A. Moorei* and its white variety, then by the *eryngiums*—steel blue and silvery white. Here in front we have the large glaucous foliage of *Funkia Sieboldii* and the still larger and more glaucous *Crambe maritima*—the seakale of the kitchen garden and a plant of much value in such colour combinations. At the back of these is the splendid *Iris pallida dalmatica*.

Now we come to flowers of pure lavender colour, lavender itself and *echinops* at the back. Behind the *echinops* is a plant of *Clematis Jackmanni* trained over pea-sticks and so placed that the sheet of pure purple bloom comes over the dinner colour of the globe thistle. We are now at the middle point of the border, with the most intense of the purple colouring. For here are China asters of the miscalled blue colourings both light and dark, and a fine violet-purple form of *Delphinium consolida*, sown in place. The whole of this central group and what follows has a setting of grey foliage with a great group of globe artichoke at the back, quite the noblest of the thistle family and much too good a plant to be left to the kitchen garden only. Then there is the good grey of *Artemisia Ludoviciana*, a most useful thing, for it can be allowed to grow to its full height of three and a half feet or it can be cut back to any height desired. The fine silvery foliage of *Cineraria maritima* comes in the middle and towards the front, and quite at the front are *Artemisia stelleriana* and *stachys*. *Aster Amellus* and *A. acris* are here among these silvery greys, setting each other off to perfection. *Nepeta* in plenty is in the foreground. Bushes of *gypsophila* with their mist-like clouds of tiny flowers form a backing to the deep violet purple *Gladiolus Baron Hulot*, and all vacant spaces are filled with tall and dwarf *ageratums*. Now the colouring changes to softer, pinker shades—the true mauves, with a bush of *Lavatera Olbia* at the back and some of the good new dahlias; the reddish purple *Porthos*, the paler *Amethyst* (well and rightly named); one paler still named *Remembrance*, and a good white; all with the continued grey setting. The colour supplement to this issue shows a border for June with many purple irises and a whole front edging of *Nepeta Mussini*.

# ARE OUR SADDLES WRONG ?

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

**W**E have grown up and lived with the saddle as we know it to-day, and we are so accustomed to its shape and appearance that criticism comes as rather a surprise. It is ridden in, and seen so frequently that it is rare to hear discussion upon its merits or demerits. Almost every other point of riding, of horse mastery, of horse management, and of equipment is discussed daily, but the saddle is accepted as it is, without comment or controversy.

But is the hunting saddle, as we know it to-day in England, the best shape that can be devised ? It has undoubtedly gone through many changes in the past century. We have had longer flaps, flaps cut forward and flaps cut back ; we have had knee rolls, padded seats, front arches cut back, leather and linen covered padding, safety bars, and so on ; but the principle of the seat has remained much the same. Abroad, we have had a variety of different seats to study. The Mexican, the Arab, the Colonial, the Spanish, and some others. All these are very different in shape and appearance from the one we ride in this country to-day. Consequently, it is as well that we should realise that our present saddle is not necessarily perfect and that it is a subject which is well worth thinking over.

In the article in the January 19th issue of COUNTRY LIFE, the correct balance of the rider in the saddle was discussed at some length. We must now look into the balance of the horse and see to what extent we can make the two coincide. If we can build a saddle which will co-ordinate the two, then we shall have made a definite step forward in the progress of equestrianism. So let us first of all look at Fig. 1 and study the outline of an ordinary hunting saddle.

The line A—B represents the line of the stirrup leathers, when hanging naturally. C represents the position for the rider's seat into

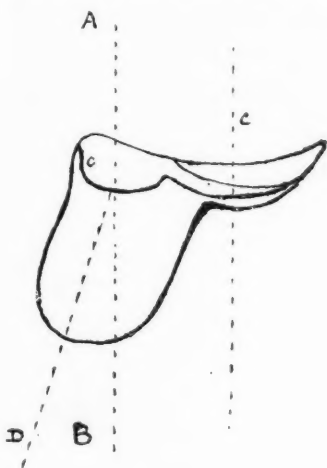


FIG. 1.

which it is practically forced. Consequently, as the feet are so much in advance of the seat, when at the standstill and the walk, the tendency is always for the seat to keep slipping (or being pushed by the pressure of the feet) still farther back. As the seat slips back it brings the feet farther forward, and the normal position for them is on the line D. With saddles so made, it is rare to see a truly vertical stirrup leather for this very reason.

We all know of this tendency, and of the difficulty in counteracting it. It produces two distinct faults in equitation. Firstly, it puts the rider "behind his work." If the horse gives a sudden movement, any rider knows only too well the difficulties that are experienced. In such a position we are in no way prepared for the unexpected, or capable of counteracting it. Before we can do any good, we have to remove the seat from the saddle and throw the body forward. It is somewhat like the recruit standing on his heels on parade. He cannot carry out the word of command until he has got into the true position of attention, with the weight of his body upon the fore part of his feet.

Secondly, it is the wrong position for a horse to carry weight. Many an early morning buck or "heave up" is caused by this. So-called "cold backs" and other sources of liveliness are often due to the fact that horses hate to feel pressure upon this part of their anatomy. Also, it is, as we all know, the most tiring place to carry weight. The infantryman knows well that unless he gets his pack well up on his shoulders, he will never complete even a short march, and the same rule applies to all animals in their capacity for carrying a burden.

Ladies' saddles are particularly bad in this respect, and every saddler will tell of the difficulties that have to be encountered and the positive discomfort which is often occasioned to the horse by having to carry so much weight on his loins. It is, therefore, no point of contention if it is asserted that it must be wrong to ask the horse to carry the rider's weight upon this portion of his back for any except momentary periods, and it suggests there must be something not quite scientifically correct in the build of the modern saddle. So let us closely examine this matter to see if it is not possible to overcome these difficulties to a certain extent.

It is the ideal of all horsemen to be "one" with their horses. When this is effected it means simply that the rider's balance

is working in conjunction with the horse's balance. To put it in other words, it implies that the rider's line of equipoise passes vertically through the horse's centre of gravity.

Let us look at Fig. 2. A horse's centre of gravity is to be found within a spot varying within the circle shown. It is not a fixed point, it varies for several reasons. The way the head is carried is one important reason for variation. We have also considerations of dynamics, of angles of elevation and descent, and so on, which produce slight differences in the point of balance. But it is sufficient to say that, generally speaking, it will always be found somewhere within this circle.

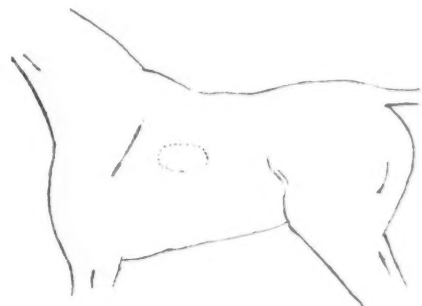


FIG. 2.

It must, therefore, be necessary for us to get our own balance as near this point as is possible. This means that the rider's line of equipoise should pass vertically through the centre of this circle for the "neutral" position.

If we look at Fig. 3, the dotted line A—B represents the rider's balancing line. Now, before we proceed to place our rider upon the horse's back, let us see how he looks upon his feet. A rider to be balanced must, of course, be balanced from his extremities, even when in the saddle, and although there may be many an occasion in riding when he is not so balanced, those occasions should be as infrequent and as fleeting as possible.

So let us turn to Fig. 4. The line A—B represents his balancing line, or line of equipoise. The line C—D shows the position relatively to the line of equipoise of his seat bones. These two lines are, it will be seen, comparatively close together. But if we look back at Fig. 1, we will see that in the modern saddle the lines are very much farther apart, proportionately.

If the rider were to bend his knees a little more (as when shortening his stirrups), the seat bones would be pushed farther back. Generally speaking, one inch shorter in the leather drives the seat bones back 4ins. But this does not affect the argument. It is merely a question of degree and not of principle.

This rider is balanced from his feet, which the rider in the saddle of Fig. 1 would find it very difficult to be, and so he is in the first position of a horseman—balanced. Now, before we put our budding horseman upon his mount we must look at the saddle we intend him to bestride.

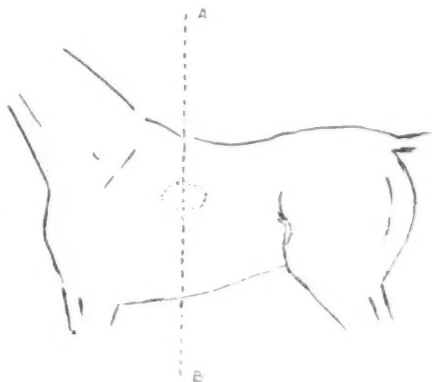


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

In Fig. 5 we see the saddle placed on the horse's back. It is a little farther forward than usual, and the pommel is a little higher in consequence. At first glance it may not appear to be particularly different from the ordinary saddle, and, of course, it is not intended that it

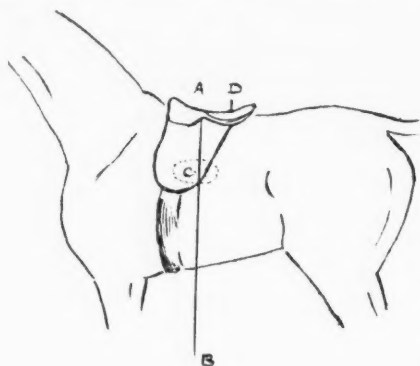


FIG. 5.

should be noted that the saddle is more forward on the horse's back than in the usual saddle, and the rider's weight is clear of the loin. In order to attain this it has been necessary to put the girths and the side bars a little farther back.

The following diagram (Fig. 6) will show the differences fairly clearly. The flaps are cut farther back and extended rather

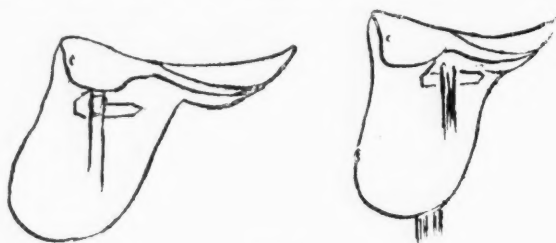


FIG. 6.

more to the rear than before. The girths are the "Lonsdale" pattern, in order to avoid a lump under the thigh, and the tree has been considerably shortened. Now we will place our friend of Fig. 4 upon this saddle and see how he looks, so that in Fig. 7 we have the horse and rider really "one." Whatever the horse does the rider is ready to go with him. There is



FIG. 7.

no being left behind here. The horse is carrying the rider on the right place on his back and can, therefore, do his work with less fatigue. As the rider is sitting farther forward on the horse's back, he will not have to ride so short as he did before. He will be able to ride quite an inch longer and that will give him greater freedom and less exertion. He will find he has greater control and will not always be slipping back.

If these simple principles can be accepted as sound, we must now follow the line of argument. If a principle is proved right for hacking or hunting, it must also be right for racing; because it is a difference in degree alone. What is right for the one must also be right for the other—in principle. Many modern jockeys now go to the post as in Fig. 8. The knees are as high as the top of the horse's withers and, when sitting in the saddle at the stand or the walk, the whole weight of the jockey's body is on the loins. When he races he assumes a position as in Fig. 9. Here we should note how far the jockey is out of the saddle. His knees are so high up that he gets very slight control, and, in the event of accident or the unexpected, disaster is the usual result.

should be. In detail, however, when we come to look we shall find several points of novelty and divergence from the old pattern.

Here the line A—B represents the natural line of the stirrup leather passing through the horse's centre of gravity, marked C. D represents the position of the rider's seat bones. It



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

All these contortions are the result of the very correct and proper desire to be "over" their work when going at speed.

But let us look for a moment at the next two Figs., 10 and 11, and see if we cannot attain the same result by more efficacious methods. In Fig. 10 the jockey is much more forward on the horse's back; therefore, he can ride at much greater length. We should note how far he is able to get his knee down the horse's side and the much greater control such a position produces.

In Fig. 11 we see him finishing the race, and it seems that he must have much more driving power than our friend in Fig. 9. A line is drawn to show the vertical stirrup leather, without which we cannot hope to be truly balanced in the saddle. A saddle on these lines is to be seen at Messrs. Whippy and Stegall, North Audley Street, who have very kindly consented to demonstrate it to anyone who is interested.

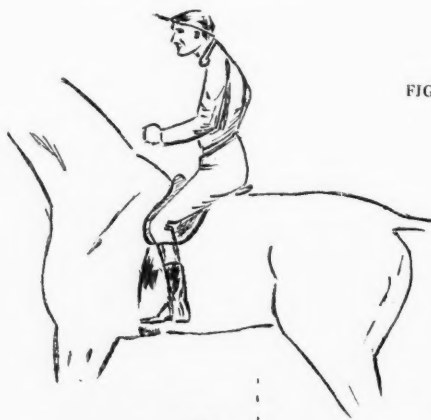


FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

# CORRESPONDENCE

NEW MIDLAND BANK BUILDING, PICCADILLY, BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A.  
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In view of the series of articles you have begun to publish on "Recent Façades"—a series which promises to be of great interest and importance—I should like to amplify one or two points made by your critic and to add a fresh one. The first question to ask about any new building in an important position in a town is whether it pays due deference to its surroundings. Does it enhance the good things already there, or does it detract from them? If it does the latter, however interesting it may be in itself, however spirited and amusing, it is not an urbane structure worthy of a city civilisation. It is the fault of the great mass of modern American architecture that each new building is conceived as a thing in itself and is generally of a totally different height, scale and character from its neighbours. Fifth Avenue is full of really beautiful buildings, designed with infinite taste and skill, yet the total result is like a series of museum specimens set side by side. There is no unity, no street and, in the end, no town. The gridiron plan of New York may extend for ever and yet the town itself never arrive. The new Zoning Law may in the end bring about similarity of height along the street face—though the town will have to be rebuilt for that—but even so there will be no unity until there arises some feeling for instinctive architectural politeness. There can, fortunately for London, be no doubt about the answer to this question in the case of Sir Edwin Lutyens's new bank in Piccadilly. The bank practically starts in St. James's churchyard. Wren's red brick church with its low churchyard wall, with its setting of trees and the brick building on one side, already made an enclave in the stone cliff of the south side of Piccadilly. What Sir Edwin has done has been to further mark that enclave with a little sentinel building balancing the brick building on the opposite side of the churchyard. He has, as it were, protected the churchyard from any further encroachment of the street by making his bank belong architecturally to the church rather than to Piccadilly. He has done this both by the character of his building, which with its stone quoins and courses echoes the architecture of the church, and by its size. Supposing a great stone building had been erected here as tall as its neighbour on the far side and with a stone flank to the churchyard we should have felt that Wren's church was being buried. We have plenty of tall stone façades in the new London that is growing up. Devonshire House will soon be making way for more here in Piccadilly. Let us be glad that Sir Edwin has not only paid tribute to the master he obviously admires, but has preserved and added to the homely almost domestic character of this little embayment in the street. It is such unexpected places as this that give to London its own special character and charm. Looking at the new building more closely we see that while strong and simple in mass and outline, as a sentinel or lodge-like building should be, this little bank is full of individuality and character. Its front to Piccadilly is a very

original composition, suggestive perhaps in its rusticated arches, keystones and bands of the manner of San Michele's work at Verona. To the churchyard it presents a broader simpler front which some may prefer. On this flank there is a fine distribution of solids and voids which the more complicated front to Piccadilly does not permit. These two fronts are in themselves admirable examples of proper deference, the sedate one to the churchyard, the more active one to the business thoroughfare. While the whole building might be described as basically Queen Anne in style, as the church demanded, it is full of the charming, almost whimsical, detail one has learnt to expect from this artist. If, as a critic, one must justify one's existence by disapproving of something, one might suggest that the very charming brackets to the centre pedimented windows to each front are much nearer to the return edges of the cornice above them than custom warrants. A more serious objection might be taken to the carving on the keystones to the two big arches on the Piccadilly front. This carving, while a wonderfully skilful performance in itself, suggests in its intricacy and undercutting wood carving rather than stone. Such things are, however, of no great importance. The building, while solid and simple with its broad white bands, its stretches of fine brickwork, its plain pyramidal roof of tiles, is yet, through its comfortable mouldings and detail, rich looking and substantial as a bank should be. If only the hundreds of new branch banks which are yearly built in our old country towns and villages approached this standard those towns would not be in the danger they are at present whenever a new bank is to be erected.—C. H. REILLY.

## NAME THIS FILLY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be much obliged if any of your readers can suggest a suitable name for my filly by Swynford out of Rectify. Messrs. Weatherby and Son inform me that Stepping Stone is not available, and I do not care for the name Bridget.—CHARLES HYDE.

## THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of an interesting old handkerchief printed in 1851 to commemorate the Great Exhibition of that year. Many of the little details in it are worth noting. The bird-shaped boat hanging from a balloon is evidently the forerunner of our transatlantic aerial flights, and is labelled "To California," and in the corner immediately beneath the boat is seen a newsboy bearing on a placard the words "Cheap Traveling, Great Aerial Machine." The policemen, or "peelers," as they were called,

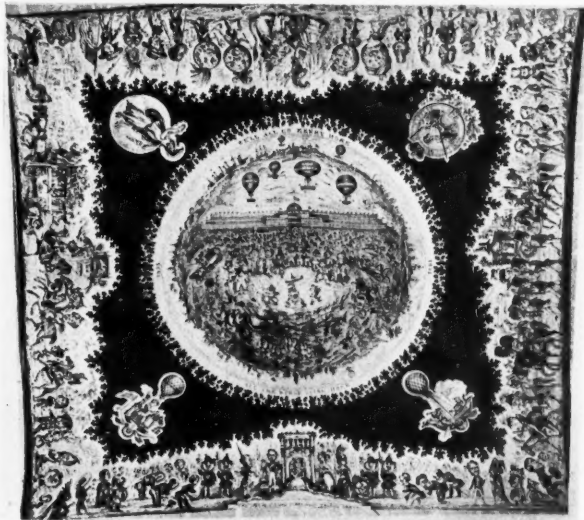
are very noticeable in their tall hats and carrying staves. Many of the figures are supposed to be caricatures of the notable people of that day. Queen Victoria (who opened the Exhibition), the Prince Consort and the Duke of Wellington are, of course, easily recognisable.—ETHEL F. READ.

## WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE AND MALTON.

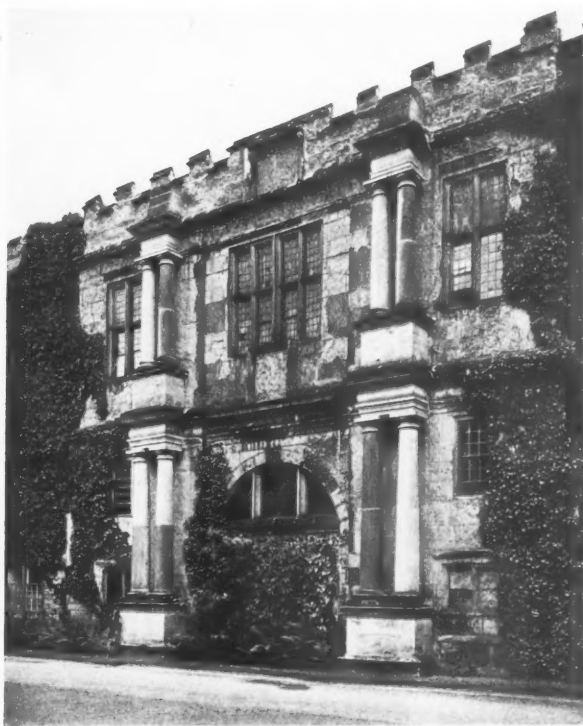
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your interesting accounts of Wentworth Woodhouse's history and its past owners, coincided last week with an article on Malton's history which I happened to read. It included an extraordinary incident connected with this manorial estate in the reign of James I, when Ralph, Lord Eure, who was then in possession of the manor, built a magnificent house there; but leaving no issue, his estates came to his uncle William, Lord Eure, who left two daughters, co-heiresses. Now comes the extraordinary story which I believe is unique in the history of domestic squabbles of our stately homes of England. When the latter died these co-heiresses disagreed about this noble mansion; it was, after a long tedious and expensive litigation determined that it should be pulled down, and its materials equally divided; and so scrupulously was the division made, that the "stones were even shared one by one." But it seems that some compromise took place before the dilapidation was finally completed, as the lodge in the front, with three arched gateways, was left standing. Wentworth Woodhouse is known as the largest private dwelling house in the kingdom. It is not so generally known as the last "open house" in the kingdom, by which is meant a house which stood open to all and sundry, whoever chose to go and sit down to dinner and ask for a bed. This open-handed hospitality has been a distinguishing feature of the Fitzwilliams for centuries. When this family was settled at Sprotborough, near Doncaster, in the days of Henry III, the village cross bore the following inscription: "Whoso is hungry and listes to eat, let him Come to Sprotborough to his meate; And for a night, and for a day, His horse shall have both corn and hay, And no man shall ask him where he goeth away."

The last line, referring to those whose characters and business would not bear investigation, was specially grateful to such as stood in most need of such hospitality. In the hour of his disgrace, Cardinal Wolsey was one of the then distinguished personages who came here seeking hospitality and received it.—HUBERT BURROWS.



A MEMORIAL OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.



THE LODGE, MALTON.

## AN OSTRICH'S EGG AT WEMBLEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During a recent visit to Wembley I was lucky enough to arrive at the South African enclosure just when one of the ostriches laid an egg. Immediately all the other occupants of the paddock showed great interest in the unusual occurrence. They all seemed anxious to touch the egg, either pecking it or drawing it about in the sand with their bills. The owner did not appear any more interested than the others, but once attempted to sit on the egg. This was unsuccessful, as she missed



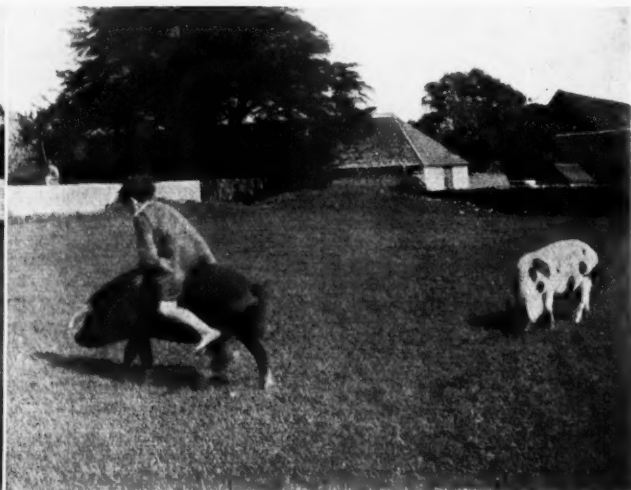
A PROUD PARENT.

it entirely and sat down on the bare sand with the egg showing just under her neck. The male did not allow her to remain long in this position, but chivied her off and began fondling the egg in the same way as the others had done. An attendant volunteered the information that the hen birds were trying to break the egg, but if that was so their attempts seemed very half-hearted. Perhaps the enclosed photograph may be of sufficient interest to publish.—T. LESLIE SMITH.

## THE PIGS' RODEO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I think perhaps your readers might be amused at these snapshots of an authorised rodeo I witnessed at Didmarton, Gloucestershire, where I spent my summer holiday. Astonishing agility was displayed on the part of the pigs in their efforts to dislodge the riders, who showed no little skill in retaining their seats.—A. G. MULES.



TWO YOUNG COWBOYS AND THEIR MOUNTS.

## FLOCKING OF TERNS FOR MIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On August 7th I witnessed a remarkable sight at the extreme south end of Walney Island, North Lancashire, where incredible numbers of terns or sea swallows had gathered together previous to migration. It was impossible to estimate their numbers, for flock after flock were packed together in dense masses, and it looked as if all the terns in Cumberland, the Solway area and the south of Scotland were gathered together there before leaving for their winter quarters. The majority were young and old of the common species, though a fair number of Arctics were seen, but not a single Sandwich or lesser tern, the former of which generally leaves this north-western coast fairly early in July.—H. W. ROBINSON.

## SWALLOW LORE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is a Scandinavian tradition that a swallow hovered over the Saviour's cross, crying "Svala! svala!" (console! console!), whence it was called "Svalow," the bird of consolation. The Romans considered the swallow sacred to the Penates, or household gods, and thought it lucky for one to build on their house, and that calamity would follow any injury done to the bird. When swallows gather before they leave, and settle in rows on the leads of a church, they are said to be settling who is to die before they come again.—M. E. S. W.

## "AN OLD SONG."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The two verses of "An Old Song" which appeared in your Correspondence columns on September 6th are evidently adaptations of verses in Gay's long poem "The Shepherd's Week," Lubin and Hodge being substituted for Lubberkin and Booby-clod. It will be seen that some of the lines are identical.

## "THURSDAY, OR THE SPELL."

"Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail  
That might my secret lover's name reveal.  
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found  
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).  
I seiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly sped,  
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.

Slow crawl'd the snail; and if I right can spell,  
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L.  
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!  
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around."

"This pippin shall another trial make,  
See from the core two kernels brown I take;  
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;  
And Booby-clod on t'other side is borne,  
But Booby-clod soon drops upon the ground,  
A certain token that his love's unsound;  
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last!  
Oh, were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!"  
—F. C. G.

## AN ALOE IN THE SCILLY ISLES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Scilly Isles are the land of flowers of all kinds. This giant aloe, which is now in

full bloom, is 30ft. high. It takes about twenty years to mature and then throws up this enormous flower-spike, which kills the main plant. The base is surrounded by young



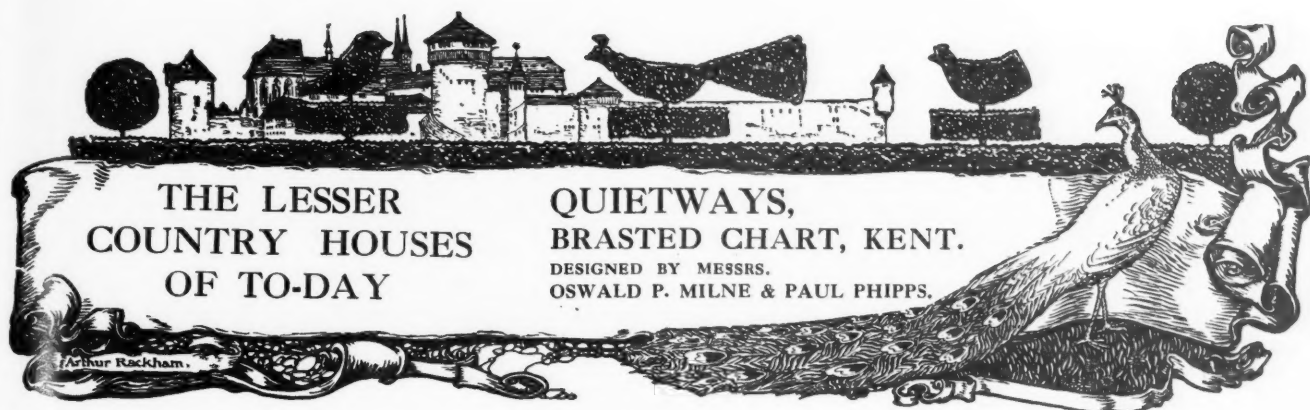
AN EXPIRING EFFORT.

plants which live on and flower in twenty years' time.—C. J. KING.

## THE STARLING AS A MIMIC.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The starling is perhaps the best natural mimic we have and acquires notes and reproduces them without human aid. As schoolboys we had a peculiar ear-piercing whistle to gather us together, and a starling learnt this and led some of us a long chase trying to locate each other before we discovered the culprit. Only two winters ago I awoke one morning to hear gulls passing continuously overhead; this was very unusual as I live a dozen miles from the coast, but, as there was a thick fog, I thought the gulls might have lost their way. As the calls continued I went outside to investigate and instead of gulls I discovered a starling, the originator of all the calls, on the roof of a house. A third occasion was during the spring when the young rooks were about and this time a perfect representation of a hungry young rook was given which caused me to look out for it and discover the mimic. On the last occasion, a few weeks ago, I listened to the reproduction of a lapwing's call given by a starling. Can any reader give a sound reason for this mimicry?—ERNEST A. LITTEN.



IN scheming a house, according to book, we are enjoined to see that the living-rooms and bedrooms are given an aspect towards west or south, with corridor space, larders and pantries on the north side, and so on. But the actual site may easily alter a good deal of this. It was so with Quietways.

There is a house set 600ft. up, overlooking a piece of beautifully wooded ground towards the east and south; and as the main road runs by on the other side, clearly the thing to do was to plan the house with its living-rooms and bedrooms enjoying the view. In passing, it may be noted that this is perhaps quite a modern notion. Our forefathers seemed disinclined to set their houses on high ground simply because it offered a fine vantage-point to survey the surrounding country; they appear to have regarded this as a lesser matter than to be snugly under the hill, or tucked away at the lower level where there was more shelter. But we cannot escape the modern tendency; and few people finding a site with such a lovely prospect as Quietways has would exchange it for some more sequestered spot in the valley. Yet there is nothing bleak about the place, and at every season of the year it has charm.

Close neighbours are two other houses which have been built to the designs of the same architects. In them thatch and brick are associated, but this is a house of brick and tile—a perfectly straightforward piece of work, showing in its external design that sense of refinement which we expect from Messrs. Milne and Phipps, while the plan proclaims itself as direct and well adapted to everyday needs.

On the ground floor it will be seen that the dining-room and drawing-room adjoin, and can be made into one big room when the folding doors are turned back: a very pleasant room, with French windows extending down to floor level (and, incidentally, having top-opening panels in metal frames that allow ventilation without necessitating the whole door being opened). The two rooms are treated in harmony, having cream-toned walls, a black skirting and black painted doors; the floor being covered with a beige carpet overspread with rugs. There are orange hangings to the windows, and in the drawing-room are gaily patterned coverings on the easy chairs and settees. This room

opens into a loggia—a much-used sitting-out place at all times; and serving a further purpose, too, for its flat roof makes an outdoor extension to the principal bedroom.



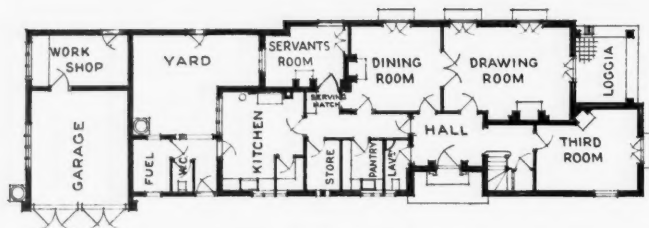
ENTRANCE FRONT.



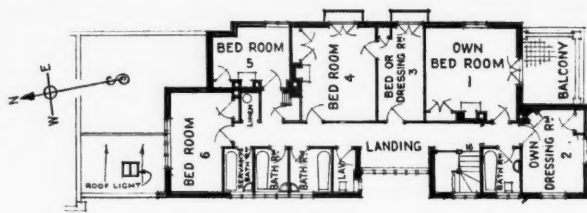
LOOKING ALONG THE TERRACE.



FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN.



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN

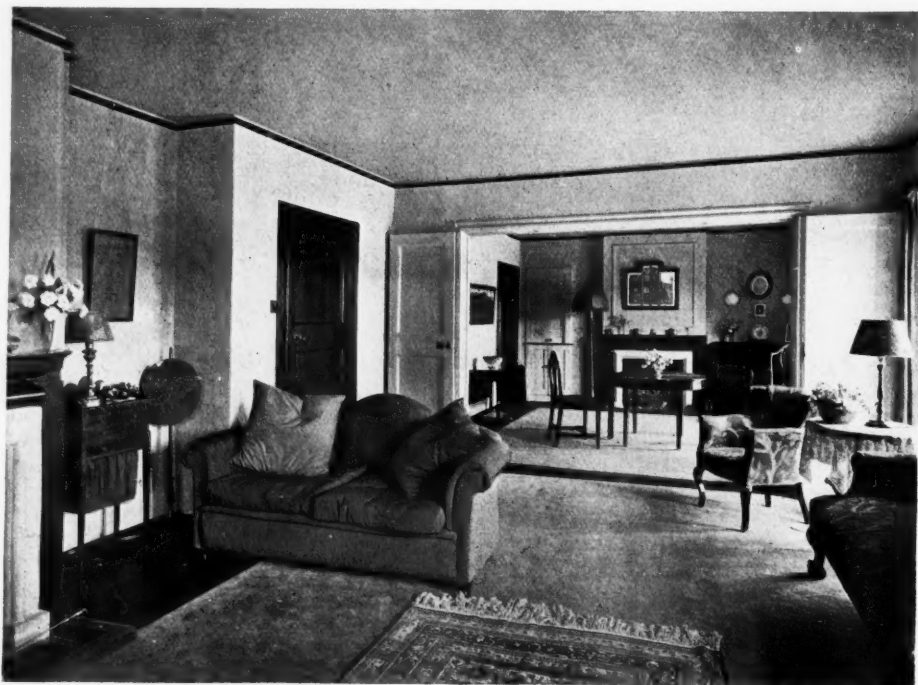
The house is modest in its accommodation, but it will be noted that the kitchen is schemed in the modern way, handily adjacent to the dining-room, with a service hatch between, and equipped as a domestic workshop, with a servants' sitting-room opening out of it. No particular feature is made of the staircase, which leads up from the right of the hall to the first floor. Here are four bedrooms (two with dressing-rooms adjoining) and four bathrooms. "One bedroom, one bathroom" is common in the American house, and similar generous provision is usual in India, where Colonel Johnstone-Smith (for whom Quietways was built) spent many years of his soldiering career; but many bathrooms mean a goodly hot-water supply. It is here provided by that trusty servant the independent boiler, which is set side by side with an anthracite range in the kitchen, while down below, in a cellar, is the boiler for the radiator system which ensures warmth throughout the house.

A garage forms a one-storey extension at the north end, where it is conveniently placed with a run-in from the drive.

There is very little in the nature of a garden, for the house, like its neighbours, requires none in its woodland setting. There are, however, a

grass plot by the loggia, borders around, and a lawn below the terrace. For the rest, one has but to look out and beyond, there to find an endless joy in the changing colour of the sea of trees.

R. R. P.



FROM DRAWING-ROOM TO DINING-ROOM.

## LIGHTING FITTINGS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

IT is curious to observe that, though modern appliances have given so many facilities for the lighting of rooms, the majority of the fittings are, in general form, largely based on those which came into being during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; indeed, many of the fittings being made to-day for use with electric light, acetylene, coal gas and petrol gas are reproductions of the old forms. At the same time, certain designers have felt that with such an essentially modern means as electricity, the lighting fittings designed for use with it should be a direct expression of the means. A good case can certainly be made for these modern treatments. It is, nevertheless, true that the older forms, originally adapted to the candle, are preponderant in general favour. While, however, retaining the outward form, full advantage is taken of the various sources of energy now brought into use. Thus, in addition to such treatments as gas-filled electric bulbs enclosed with modern glassware, or set within the form of an old lustre, we have simulations of the candle both by means of electricity and gas, and, in connection with the latter, it is worth noting that the acetylene "candle," with its free-burning flame, is extraordinarily like a real candle.

With these divers modern ways of lighting in use all around us, it is interesting to look back to the past, and to see how our forefathers fared at night-time. The houses and even the palaces of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while the candle was still the main illuminant, must, after dark, have been very dim places, in which most of the fine detail of the decoration was invisible, and in which the paste and strass jewellery so much worn served as an excellent substitute for diamonds. For the wax candle as a unit, so soon burnt out, was an expensive item in housekeeping. In the great houses, such as Houghton, we are told that in 1731 the total candle cost in the house had been £15 a night; while in the lesser houses strict economy was practised. It is not uncommon to read of families, such as Chateaubriand's at Combourg in Brittany, assembled in a room lit only by the light of a solitary candle. Humbler households contented themselves with the rushlight, and it is recorded of the Nollekens' household by J. T. Smith (perhaps with some exaggeration) that candles were never lighted at the beginning of the evening, unless there were guests; so that "whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway, and their candle wasted." English pictures or prints of interiors in the late seventeenth century are extremely rare, but we may judge of the standard of lighting a little later, in Hogarth's picture of the great double drawing-room in "Marriage à la Mode," where only eight candles are provided. In the later eighteenth century there is noticeable a more generous provision of lighting, both in the matter of wall-lights and stands of candles and candelabra, and in the early nineteenth century the chandeliers carried a greater number of lights, and contemporary references agree in their appreciation of the greater brightness and convenience of evening life.

The candle was set in a socketed holder either in fixtures such as central lights or chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, or wall lights placed on the walls (usually on either side of the chimney-piece), or in candlesticks resting upon portable stands or supports, which could be moved to any required position. In dolls' houses preserved in Holland and England, the arrangement for lighting rooms can best be studied, for here the candelabra and sconces, exactly reproducing the articles in contemporary

use, are still in position. In a doll's house at Uppark in Sussex, dating from about 1720, the drawing-room is lit only by six wall lights, while the dining-room has a central brass chandelier, as well as candle-branches fixed on either side of the chimney-piece; and the glass shades to prevent the blackening of the ceiling by candle-smoke have not been forgotten. In other dolls' houses, pairs of *torchères* or stands for lights frequently appear, especially in bedrooms.

Lighting fixtures depend, naturally, upon the shape and size of the room. In low rooms, a central light or chandelier is not practicable, and in such rooms candles were fixed in wall lights or sconces. The sconce, as Johnson defines it, is "a pensile candlestick," with a back plate which often serves as a reflector. The back plate was occasionally of wood, and in a catalogue of the furniture of Henry Tomson of the Inner Temple in 1730 mention is made of "a large sconce in a walnuttree and gold frame with brass arms" in the dining-room; but a candle set awry, falling against the wooden surface, would have seriously disfigured it, and even the more durable glass back-plates might be destroyed (as Swift tells us in his "Directions to Servants"), by a careless lackey who sticks "the candle so loose in the sconce socket that it will fall upon the glass and break it into shatters. This (he adds) will save yourself much labour, for the sconces



LIGHTING FITTINGS IN THE TAPESTRY ROOM, BEAUDESERT.

spoiled cannot be used"—as if the whole economy of the household could be brought to a standstill by the idleness of the servants! The finer sconces of the late seventeenth century were of metal, pewter, brass or silver. Pepys's sconces that he bought in 1662, in the early days of his prosperity, were of pewter, and he tells us that he spent most of the morning at home one day in hanging his pictures and "seeing how my pewter sconces that I have bought well become my stayres and entry." Some silver sconces of the late seventeenth century that have survived are richly embossed and chased, except for the centre of the backplate, which was left smooth as a reflector for the candle. Towards the last years of the century, mirror glass replaces metal as a backplate, usually long and narrow, to which were affixed one or two brass candle-branches working in sockets. The plate is bevelled, and often cut with a simple device such as a star or a formal flower. Nothing can be simpler in outline, or more suitable for modern reproduction by firms that specialise in lighting fittings. Examples that have come down to us are of white glass; but Gerreit Jensen, the Dutch cabinet-maker who supplied so much fine furniture to the Royal palaces in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, provided the Earl of Albemarle for his

lodgings at Kensington with "a pair of chimney sconces of wrought blue glass and a pair of branches double gilded" between 1699 and 1703, and such sconces must have matched the mirrors of the period in which blue glass was used as a framing and accessory. Before the middle years of the eighteenth century this simple glass sconce went out of favour and was replaced by wall lights in which the carved and gilt framing of the glass backplate becomes of greater importance as an exercise in the art of the carver and gilder. In the trade catalogues of the middle years of the century, there are "many inventions" of the exploiters of the rococo style of woodwork in which scrolls, minute architectural detail, balustrades, foliage and figures are ingeniously combined. The severer taste of the later Georgian period dismissed these excesses of the carver and gilder; and the wall lights designed by Robert Adam or under his influence are small, delicately framed mirrors, in which the surround consists of composition ornament on a core of wire. In another type the mirror is dispensed with, and the wall light takes the form of a vase bearing scone-arms resting on a bracket. Robert Adam gives a design for one of these "vases for candles, to be fixed to the wainscoting of the room," in which the vase (which has two branches) is continued to form a carved pendant, to which it is linked by swags of husks.

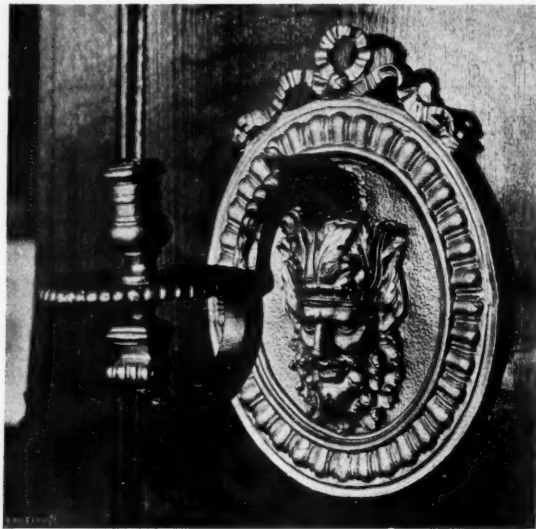
The chandelier was essential in a room where a central light was needed, such as the hall or dining-room. In the second half of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century the brass chandelier of Dutch type prevailed, of which the stem was formed of one or more globes, finishing in a ring or pendant and bearing scroll-shaped candle branches (set in small types) in a single row, in larger examples in diminishing tiers. The existence of dated examples in churches witnesses to the persistence of this type until the middle years of the eighteenth century. Silver was also used for chandeliers, and at the sale of the Sneyd heirlooms from Keele Hall was a silver chandelier with baluster-shaped centre decorated with gadrooning, and ten scroll-shaped branches with gadrooned nozzles and wax pans, dating from the first decade of the eighteenth century.

A few examples in carved wood, such as the painted chandelier at Brympton, the pair formerly at Holme Lacy and the example at Speke Hall, show, like contemporary gilt gesso work upon mirror frames, tables and torches, *motifs* of French origin; and in the middle years of the century, Chippendale, who illustrates some elaborate designs, was of opinion that these, if neatly done in wood, and gilt with burnished gold, would "look better and come much cheaper than those of brass and glass."

The few examples of rock crystal chandeliers are almost all in position in Hampton Court Palace. But glass, also light-reflecting, became a favourite material for chandeliers in England in the reign of George III. It is stated in the catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1851 that the first glass chandelier was made at Stourbridge, at the works of Bradley, Ensor and Co., about 1760, and was kept in a house near the glass works in Brettell Lane as a curiosity for many years afterwards. The glass stem and branches are fixed to a silvered metal rod, and in the late eighteenth century designs the globe and vase-shaped enlargements of the stem are decorated with shallow cutting, dispersing the light, but not dazzling the eye with the prismatic brilliance admired by the nineteenth century glass-cutters and public. Besides this delicate framework clothed in glass, there

are ornamental accessories—often broken—such as richly faceted drops and pendants, which are characteristic of English lustre-work, and festoons of linked glass drops suspended from the arms to the central stem, or canopy.

A third method of lighting was—as distinct from the two fixed methods just considered—by means of candlesticks or candelabra, placed on any convenient resting place such as a *torchère* or the chimney-piece. Of these candle-holders there are a number of fine examples, enriched like contemporary chandeliers with cut glass pendants and ornaments. The drum-shaped vase was often of Wedgwood jasper, set in ormolu, and bearing candle-branches from which festoons of glass drops are linked with the central stem. In certain cases the drops are of coloured glass—royal blue, green and amber—which brings a note of colour into the decorative scheme of which they originally



GILT LEAD SCONCE, SUITABLE FOR ADAPTATION FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT.

formed part; but the white glass in which the soft prismatic colours come and go with every movement of the faceted linked drops is, perhaps, the most delightful.

In many a house the old candle fittings survive, but have been adapted for electric light; and that this can be done successfully there are examples in plenty to testify. But often it is desired to have new fittings preserving the features of the old, yet suited exactly to one or other of the lighting methods of to-day. Fortunately, there are firms and craftsmen who are producing work of high merit. So, in a sense, we may enjoy the best of both worlds. There are no pleasanter forms of lighting fittings than those which were evolved during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and it is a happy expedient to preserve these and yet secure the comfort and facilities which modern illuminants give.

## THE HOME-MUSIC OF OUR TIMES

"LAY on!" ordered the Duke of Illyria, "That strain again!" and then, in a minute, "Enough, no more!" to the "musicians attending." To have "musicians attending" is one way out of a difficulty which hedges in many and many a lover of music from access to the art. For, indeed, music is, compared with the other arts, strangely inaccessible. What equivalent is there for the satisfaction of pleasure a lover of poetry has in simply taking from the shelf his Dante or Donne, or that of another connoisseur turning to "my prints—an imbrogio—fifty in one portfolio—when somebody tries my claret?"

Obviously, Duke Orsino's way was only for grandees, and force of circumstances seems to have made it obsolete with them even. It is a pity, for the world owes much to the works of "musicians attending," written in the shelter of a great family's protection. We think of John Wilbye, the greatest of the English madrigalists, living for thirty years as household musician to the Kytsons of Hengrave Hall. Then there was Handel, who was master of the music for the magnificent Duke of Chandos at Canons; there was Haydn, musician attendant on the Esterhazys. What a decline there is to-day from the household music of such times! Most like it—but at what a distance!—is the "at home" music of modern hostesses, who, however, are far indeed from the enlightened autocracy of Orsino, and would never in their lives, no matter what their own or their guests' secret desires, venture on his Illyrian Grace's "Enough! no more!"

True, there is the modern example of the late Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac, whose household included for a time

an eminent pianist. But the count was admittedly eccentric. The old manner of patronage of musicians in great houses has gone, and it is a pity, both for the houses and for music.

Not to be within easy reach of a big city would seem then to mean being cut off from modern music; for modern music is of the symphony concert, of the opera-house and of the recitals of virtuosos—the art of to-day having entirely outranged the possibility of interpretation by the amateur. The household musicians of the past, the Wilbys and Haydns, wrote for the amateurs of the family. But to-day music has been almost entirely professionalised—the process has been completed within the past generation, and the composers of 1924, Schönberg and Stravinsky, Bax and Berners, Bartok and Bloch, never dream of writing for any but highly specialised executants.

But we will not say that amateur music-making is obsolete. Many a cynic, no doubt, wishes it were. Certainly there is less of the entirely useless sort of amateurishness—the sort that never took the art with any seriousness, but merely dabbled—than in the nineteenth century. Our elders tell us of the dread inflictions of social music, executed by the young women of most conventional families—young women, very likely, of no musical aptitude, and possessed only of the lightest technical smatterings. Horrors! It is true that our elders, no doubt, talked unflinchingly through these performances.

It will be a bad day for music when there are no more amateur executants. And when the lay lovers of music give up attempting to practise some branch of it they will be denying themselves one of the greatest pleasures the art has to offer. Only it must be understood that amateur music-making is to

be taken seriously. The reward is great—the reward of being able, say, to make a tolerable show with a Ballade of Chopin, or to be entrusted with a part in a string quartet. You thereby obtain an aspect of music of which no glimpse is to be had in a lifetime of mere listening. But there is a price, and the price is the devotion of a serious amount of time. And any form of musical technics has to be not only acquired but also maintained. Once you have learnt to ride a bicycle you will never forget the knack of it. But music is so much sterner—music demands an almost incessant service. Throw up your violin, or whatever instrument you have practised, for a few years, and you have to woo hard and long again before you are received back into its confidence. This exigency of music weeds out, or discourages, half-hearted admirers.

There are still a good many English homes to-day—perhaps as many as ever—where music is devotedly cultivated, and the great masters of chamber music—Mozart and Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms—are all but idolised; but I should say that there are probably fewer English homes to-day than a generation or so ago where music is performed in a casual, happy-go-lucky fashion. All manner of sports and new diversions draw from the practice of music those folk who have not an exceptionally marked predilection for it.

It is said over and over again (on the strength of an *obituary* of Morley) that under Elizabeth all well bred Englishmen could take part in a madrigal. Well, no doubt they freely tried. But we know the Elizabethan madrigals. They are not simple. They are exquisitely wrought pieces of art, and demand well cultivated singing. No doubt Elizabethan gentlefolk—lacking so many of the modern devices for squandering time—made a better show with Wilbye and Weelkes than modern amateur singers would do. But it is too hard to believe that it was common for these exquisite pieces to be well sung. If they were, then indeed there has been a disastrous decline in English home-music. Good madrigal-singing asks for at least as much assiduity from its devotees as golf. Was it ever possible to obtain so much from the generality of English folk? It would, anyhow, be fantastic to ask as much to-day!

Nevertheless, music is a very general human need. A favoured few enjoy it in the ideal state, and hear Paderewski or Suggia when they play and Battistini when he sings. The rest, who are out of reach of such treats, take their music as they can get it. Within the last dozen years or so the imperfect amateur executant, who himself took the place of the professional household musician of the past, has been ousted in English homes to a large extent by mechanical makers of music, such as the gramophone and the player-piano, together with which wireless music may be associated.

What is to be said of these wondrously ingenious musical machines? Well, first, that, whatever their influence, they are prodigiously popular, and in all classes—particularly, of course, the gramophone. The vogue of the gramophone, the immensity, in the aggregate, of the sums spent on the maintenance of this insatiable instrument, are a measure of the need felt for music by people who are out of reach of the best concerts and at the same time are not skilled in execution.

The gramophone of to-day has fairly lived down the bad deeds of its hobbledehoy stage. Most musical people who heard, or overheard, the nasal screech of the ordinary gramophone of twenty years ago would have declared that no music could ever come out of the thing. There are bad gramophones still, and there are bad discs—and discs badly worn but still cheerfully inflicted on us, often in circumstances where protest is not easy.

But, properly regarded and properly treated, the gramophone of to-day is in an entirely different rating. It has its enthusiasts even who are satisfied that it gives them the whole of music worth having; and these foresee its ousting eventually all the public performances of musical artists. There is no need to go as far as that, or to make impossible claims for the completeness of the effect of the instrument's reproductions. But while a musician will hardly agree that it gives him the art intact, there is to-day hardly a musician who does not, from one angle or another, rejoice in the immense extension which the gramophone is giving to the influence of music.

There is not a uniform fidelity of reproduction in all the varieties of music which the gramophone has tackled. Of certain vocal and instrumental solos it can fairly be said that the records (played on an adequate machine—this point must be insisted on, for some folk who would not tolerate the cheapest possible sort of piano put up with the cheapest possible gramophone) do approach within measurable distance of the "real thing." This is not to disparage in any way the records of concerted music, with which the English gramophone publishers have lately been so generous. To me it seems that this is the greatest work the gramophone is doing. For by this means a knowledge is being spread of the noblest compositions in places where they would otherwise be inaccessible.

There is no need to go so far as to say that, having in your possession records of Brahms' Second Symphony, you have nothing more to gain from hearing an orchestral performance of it. The gramophone does not profess to bring to you the whole majesty and fulness of a symphony orchestra. But still there, in that wondrous box of tricks, is truly a version—an intelligible and enjoyable version—of the divine music. It is there to be turned on at your bidding. You belong, perhaps,

to the great majority whom the masterpieces of concerted music win only gradually. Well, you can encore your favourite pages as often as you will. The pages that seemed obscure you can repeat until their place in the argument is clear.

The possessor of the record of the Brahms D major Symphony (and I might have chosen any other of a dozen first-class symphonic records) will always know Brahms in D major—it is an acquisition to his mind, and he will never mix it up in his memory with another symphony, as he might, possibly, if he had, unacquainted and unprepared, happened to hear it once at a concert. Probably this possessor, once he has got his symphony thoroughly into his head, will take the first opportunity of going to Queen's Hall to hear the "real thing."

Those with unlimited opportunities for concert-going or with an exceptionally quick musical understanding usually underestimate the difficulties hedging about the plain man from an adequate appreciation of the masterpieces of music. Opportunities for acquaintance are what he wants—for we needs must love the highest if only we hear it often enough—and such opportunities, previously in the nature of things rare, are precisely what the gramophone so abundantly affords. There I see, for my part, the supreme service of the new instrument; without at the same time disparaging the invaluable benefits to students in out-of-the-way places of the records of vocal and instrumental soloists. Such discs as those of the Violin Chaconne of Bach, recorded by Miss Isolde Menges, will no doubt be as good as a tutor, or will, at any rate, invaluablely supplement actual tuition, to any number of aspiring violinists.

It would be a lack of candour to claim so much for the new instrument and admit no shortcomings. It must be granted that usually in music of an elaborate texture it is apt to blur the inner and lower parts. In this and in some other respects it is curiously like the wireless communication of music. A compensation I suggest is to accompany one's listening by following the printed score. The occupation of the eye helps to make up for that which the ear unassisted might miss. Scores in especial enhance the pleasure of the records of Tudor vocal music, of string quartets and of Wagner. There are many musical amateurs for whom the reading of a score in silence is a poor makeshift indeed, but for whom the addition of a gramophone record brings the notes to life.

I must have a word on the misuse of the gramophone. Because its music is so easily to be had it is too generally treated casually. True, it has no feelings to be hurt; but cultivated persons might really remember that, though it is but an inanimate machine, there is a decency to be observed when it is the vehicle of noble music.

What a curse a misapplied gramophone may become! The cheerful young folk in the hall of a seaside hotel will add its penetrating tones to the general din. The violin of Kreisler or the voice of Norman Allin, perhaps, will be heard—passionately and uncannily pursuing its theme to the general disregard—and one has to escape either to a rain-swept esplanade or to bed! The rights of good music are such that even when it is presented by mechanical means it surely should be listened to in peace or not at all.

A great quantity of the finest music is now available for the gramophone-player, and it is being added to every month. And these quartets, concertos and symphonies are not bought by simple folk for whom the gramophone is a passing craze. In 1914 the records of interest were almost exclusively of famous operatic singers. In 1920 it would have been easy to make a list of all the gramophone records of musical importance. To-day it would be a very long task. A few that casually come to mind are: the Third, Fifth, Seventh and Ninth Symphonies, and the Violin and "Emperor" Concertos of Beethoven; the G minor quintet and E flat Symphony of Mozart; the long sets of copious extracts from Wagner (in "The Gramophone Company's" list); Franck's Symphony; Elgar's "Enigma" Variations; and the "Petrushka" of Stravinsky.

Twenty years ago there were not many great artists who would venture to let the imperfect gramophone disseminate their performance. To-day the publishers' lists glitter with the names of all the most eminent. The music now recorded is an introduction to many of the best things of the art; and the manner of its recording speaks for the best that contemporary musicians can do with their heritage. Posterity now will know how Cortot and Casals, Heifetz, Guilhermina Suggia and Lionel Tertis played, and how Caruso and Chaliapin sang. What would we not give—what would not even those who remain cold to the gramophone give—for records of Paganini, Chopin and Liszt?

Mr. Compton Mackenzie has lately declared that the gramophone "will contribute as much to musical education as the printing-press has contributed to the spread of knowledge." And there is much in it; though he may be allowing too little for the part of an analytical effort in musical education. But clearly there must be throughout England great numbers of persons—the sale of records proves it—who have lately made the acquaintance of masterpieces of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Franck, Elgar and Stravinsky. And since the more good records issued, the greater the demand for more, this new form of home-music is apparently rapidly making a musical nation of us. Of this huge new audience a proportion must surely discover that there are more and more wondrous realms of music beyond the point to which the gramophone can lead them.

RICHARD CAPELL.

## THE GIANT OF CERNE ABBAS

JUST outside Cerne Abbas and within full view of the grounds of the ancient Abbey stands Giant Hill, so called because of the colossal figure that has been cut out of the turf. For ages he has been a figure of mysterious origin. Who, or what, he was meant to represent remains to this day a matter of guesswork. Some will have it that he is an image of the Saxon god Heil, but that surmise does not seem to have much to confirm it. Others held him to be an effort of the Phœnicians, who, at an early date, visited Cornwall and Devon for tin. The objection raised is that this seafaring race, who acted as carriers for Egypt, were not likely to have wasted their time seeking tin in the Dorset chalk; it has been proved that they were great metallurgists, who must have known better. Yet the giant is old enough to have been carved by these wanderers. It is understood that Sir Flinders Petrie, who has written or is writing a book about turf monuments, holds him to be the oldest in Great Britain, if not in Europe, an opinion that there is nothing in the Giant's appearance to contradict. For the benefit of those who have not visited him at Cerne Abbas, it may be said that his stature reaches to 180ft. and that his limbs are in proportion. The latter are indicated by trenches about a foot in depth cut in the turf so as to expose the crumbling chalk beneath. From the opposite field the Giant's appearance is that of a huge white-limbed man. In his right hand he brandishes a large and knotty club, a circumstance that has given rise to an idea that he may have been the prototype of the Roman Hercules. At all events, he belongs to an age concerning which no written history has yet been discovered. The evidence relied upon as proof of his Phœnician origin is that his right shoulder is higher than his left and his head rests on his shoulders without the intervention of a neck, which are characteristics of Phœnician art. Still, there are many who consider that the case for this origin is not made out, though they cannot deny that the west of England must have had strange visitors in the far-off days. The official archaeologist to the Ordnance Survey, in his report on the long barrows in Gloucestershire, describes one at Redmarten in which are found within one big tomb three little tombs with gates ajar, such as the Egyptians made to allow the spirit to come out of his musty dwelling and eat the provisions abundantly provided to keep him alive on his journey from this world to the next. That goes a long way to substantiate Dr. Elliot Smith's theory that the Egyptians carried their civilisation to the most distant parts of the world, and makes it possible that some of the wanderers had stopped long enough in Dorset to draw in trenches the colossal figure who, probably for thousands of years, has brandished his club on the hillside.

Our purpose just now is not to discuss the origin, but only to show that this is one of the most interesting of historic figures, one that eminently deserves to be taken care of. Our light on his past is not at present brilliant, but, considering what unexpected information has been obtained of recent years concerning the bygone æons of which our forefathers knew nothing, we may wait and hope for a key. It would be a cause of unspeakable regret if through carelessness or wanton destruction this figure were allowed to pass out of existence just at the very time when we may look for an answer to the enigma he represents.

The Giant is now scheduled as a National monument, in sign of which an ugly railing of barbed wire separates him off from the hillside and its grazing

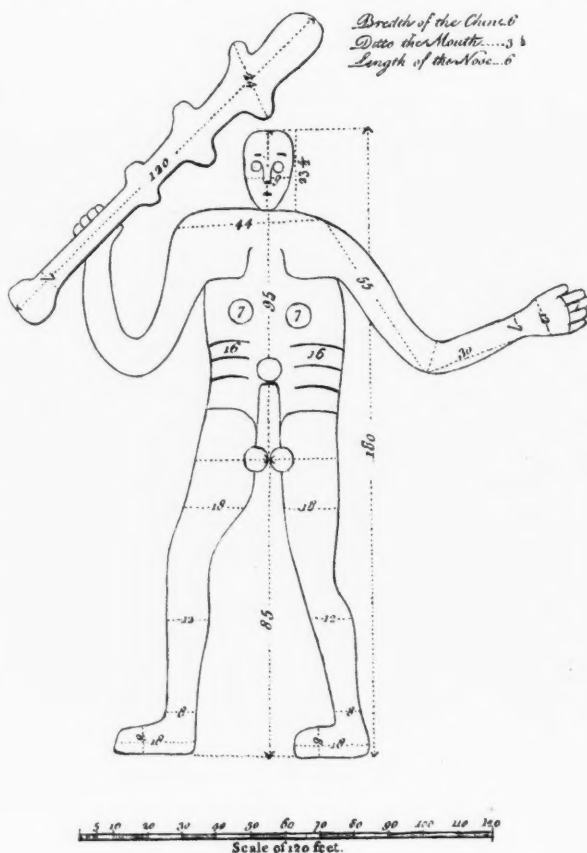
animals. It does not shut out the human visitor, as its gates are tied with a bit of twine that a knife may easily sever, and the barbed wire has not yet been invented which is capable of keeping out children. It may be mentioned incidentally that, on a recent visit paid to him by the writer, boys and girls were busily engaged in gathering mushrooms from his earth-covered limbs. At the same time they did no harm that we could perceive to the monument. In the old time he was preserved, like the white horse in various parts of the south of England, by being cleaned at an annual festival, but this usage seems to have at times been forgotten. Hutchins, the historian of Dorset, says that in his day the grass had been suffered to grow so long that the limbs were barely discernible.

Three years ago the neglect had been equal to anything that Hutchins saw, and those interested in the monument were very much afraid that it was going to be lost to the country for want of cleaning. Fortunately, a gash in the earth, whether made by the ploughshare or the spade, has a tendency to remain, and a careful examination of the Giant shows no signs of old age or decay. Recently the grass has been carefully cut by the side of the trenches and the trenches themselves have been weeded. It was suggested at one time that they needed digging, but it should be understood most clearly that nothing could be more injurious to the monument. It has to be remembered that it stands on a steep hillside down which the water comes in a torrent during the storms of winter. If the surface were loosened by a spade, it would be speedily swept away. A more feasible plan was, in the course of conversation, suggested to the writer by Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has a keen interest in the Giant and is zealous for his preservation. His suggestion was that a layer of small chalk should be spread on the surface after the removal of the weeds. This would enable the figure to be seen in clearer and more definite outline and could not possibly do any harm. What is wanted is only a small fund to secure the scouring of the monument at regular intervals. It may be said that this is a matter for the National Trust, but that is scarcely fair. The Trust has many more monuments than money, and the best course is to provide a fund specially for the purpose and make it over to the National Trust.

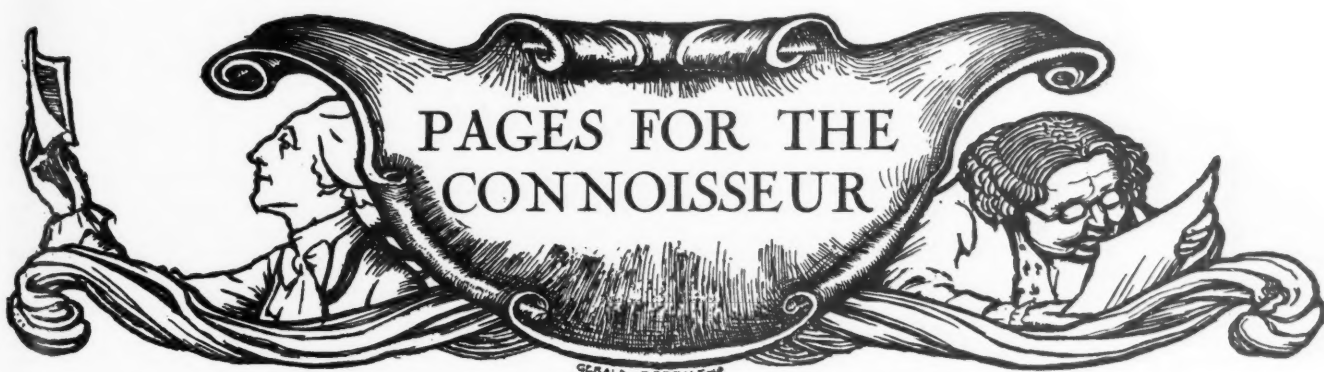
The last cleaning of the Giant was done for £5 or closely near it, and if the sum invested yielded an interest of

£5 or £7, it would be ample. Over-interference is to be guarded against as much as neglect. There should be no general cutting of the grass; only that growing by the side of the ditches should be clipped and cut back. Neither should there be any disturbance of the surface but only a periodical weeding, and, if Mr. Hardy's suggestion were carried out, a sprinkling with white chalk. Probably in past centuries, when the Giant seems to have been kept in repair by public effort made on a holiday arranged for the purpose, this is all that was done, and as the hillside used to be quite open, the grazing of animals does not seem to have resulted in much injury. At any rate, the monument has not been mutilated. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1764 there is an article on the Giant, with his dimensions.

The article is illustrated by a diagram, which is here reproduced, and we also append his measurements. It ought to be added that these were found absolutely correct, a manifest proof that the giant has, in the course of 160 years, suffered no injury from mere exposure to the weather.



THE GIANT AS HE WAS IN 1764.  
From the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that date.



## ENGLISH FURNITURE AT COTEHELE

AS it has been pointed out elsewhere, Cotehele has remained for so many centuries untouched because, since Elizabeth's time, the Edgcumbe family have been primarily interested in Mount Edgcumbe, their home nearer Plymouth. Subsequently the former has only occasionally been inhabited by the family. Since 1830, when a set of lithographs were made of the house, inside and out, it is possible to say that scarcely anything has been touched and nothing added. But for fifty years previous to that date the Earls of Mount Edgcumbe are recorded to have "added to their collection from the museums of antiquities," a propensity which accounts for some curious early counterfeits and other objects whose origin it is otherwise difficult to explain.

Most of the furniture now at Cotehele dates from the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Everything later than 1660 may be fairly confidently assigned as outcasts from Mount Edgcumbe. But during the previous fifty years the place had been the home first of Sir Thomas Coteele, a Dutch merchant

who fled from the Alvan persecution and rose to estate under James I. He married his daughter to the Edgcumbe of the day



1.—A HIGH-BACKED SETTEE THAT HAS BEEN CUT DOWN.



2.—SETTEE OF CIRCA 1725 COVERED IN ITS ORIGINAL TURKEY WORK.

and came to live at the house which chanced so curiously to bear a similar name to his own. After the Civil Wars Colonel Edgcumbe himself spent some years in retirement here also.

The chair-table, dated 1627, shown in Figs. 4 and 5 is among the finest pieces of the seventeenth century now at Cotehele. The surface has turned black with age. It is among the earliest examples of this class of table—or chair.

The remarkable chair carved with the story of Adam and Eve (Fig. 3) is at first sight of the same epoch. The carving is of unusual luxuriance and roundness. The presence of a strapwork cresting to the back suggests that it is somewhat later than it seems at first sight to be. The curving arms also imply that it was carved by a local man, probably about the time of the Restoration.

Prominent among the later furnishings are a series of settees ranging from a triple-backed settee of 1690, with Daniel Marot legs and wavy stretchers, to simple cabriole-legged settees of forty years later. The former has been re-covered with some excellent pieces of *gros-point* needlework, designed for tall stuff-backed chairs and eked out here with crimson velvet faded to



3.—OAK CARVED CHAIR OF CIRCA 1650.

brown. Another settee with arms slightly splayed outwards in recollection of the fashion of the late seventeenth century, is covered with an Italian flowered silk of snuff colour, which was applied probably towards the end of the eighteenth century. The only settee with its original covering is a plain example, but the Turkey work with which it is upholstered is peculiarly rich (Fig. 2). On a black ground a multitude of flowers are strewn, still retaining their brilliant colouring. A curious piece, illustrated in Fig. 1, is, at first sight, of a design new to the period. There is no doubt, however, that it was formerly a high-backed settee, which has at some period been cut down and re-covered with considerable skill and sense of proportion. It is now a very pleasing piece of furniture.

One of the most remarkable pieces at Cotehele is a steel mirror contained in an ebony frame richly moulded with a wavy ribbon pattern. The mirror still reflects with considerable brilliance. The weight is, of course, considerable, though the piece measures only some 20 ins. by 14 ins. Glass was rapidly succeeding steel at the time of its construction (the third decade of the seventeenth century), and such mirrors are exceedingly uncommon.

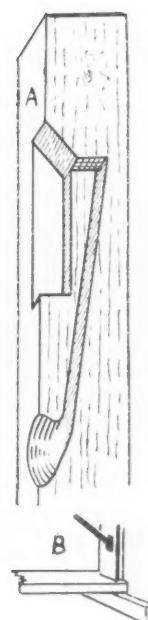


4.—A CHAIR-TABLE, BACK DOWN.

A peculiarity of Cotehele is the number of small oak trestle tables that are to be found there. There must be a dozen of them, in drawing-room and bedrooms. There is nothing to date them, though they vary slightly in construction. The earliest kind, of which an example is given in Fig. 6, is a collapsible table pure and simple. The stretcher, for once, really does stretch the legs apart, and is nothing more than a piece of wood with a niche at either end to fit on to the cross-piece of the trestles. These are attached by a hinge to the underside of the top, to which they are further connected by two diagonal struts which fit into mortices on the central upright of the trestles. The diagonals apparently have a projecting tongue which slides into a sloping groove, terminating at its lower end in a circular cup. This tongue and groove guide the thicker part of the strut



5.—THE SAME, AS A CHAIR. DATED 1627.



TRESTLE TABLE: FIRST HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Diagram illustrates—A, joint between diagonal and vertical supports.—B, stretcher-joint on later example.

into the mortice prepared for it, as will be seen in the sectional diagram A.

In time, iron rods were substituted for wooden struts, which were made fast at their lower end with a nut. In this later pattern the stretcher ceased to be removable, having a flat instead of a vertical section, and being secured beneath the upright of the trestle as in an ordinary table (see Diagram B). These details of construction have been dwelt upon at length,

since they illustrate admirably the transition in table construction from the trestle to the rigid principle. There are similar tables at Hardwick and in a few other old houses, but not in such numbers.

No doubt these tables were made by successive generations of local carpenters who, in the remote valley of the Tamar, were a century behind their urban fellows. Probably the first half of the seventeenth century saw this evolution at Cotehele.

## ENGLISH AND IRISH GLASS

THE BLES COLLECTION. III.—CUT GLASS.

**R**USKIN, it will be remembered, proclaimed with a loud voice that all cut glass is barbarous, his argument being that the cutting conceals those essential qualities of the material glass—its ductility when heated and its transparency when cold. Ruskin, however, was writing in the middle of the nineteenth century, at a period when the art of cutting glass had reached the utmost limits of extravagance and bad taste. An impartial survey of the whole history of cut glass would perhaps have led him to a different conclusion; at any rate, very few connoisseurs would nowadays support his complete condemnation.

It is rather uncertain at what date the art of cutting glass originated, but the most beautiful specimens of ancient cut glass belong to the second and third centuries of our era. It is doubtful if the art, as practised in the Roman period, has ever been excelled, for these early craftsmen had learned the value of restraint, and they confined themselves in their cutting to simple, and generally rather broad, facets whose effect was to emphasise rather than to destroy the form of the vessel. The purpose of the ancient glass-cutters never seems to have been to achieve the sparkling brilliance we associate with cut glass; and for this reason diamond or prismatic cutting was unknown to them.



EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY SALAD BOWL.

The foot is moulded. Perhaps made at Dublin or Cork, though similar bowls were made at Stourbridge and elsewhere in England.



ROUND BOWL.

An unusual form, with three feet and turn-over rim. English or Irish; late eighteenth or early nineteenth century.



TWO CANDLESTICKS WITH FACET-CUTTING, AND A COVERED JAR WITH LARGE DIAMOND CUTTING.  
English or Irish, early nineteenth century.

The art was later practised in its simple and restrained form in Syria and Mesopotamia, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In Italy during the Renaissance period cutting seems to have been confined to rock crystal; it certainly never became a recognised method of decoration in the great glass-houses of Murano. But towards the end of the sixteenth century the art was introduced into Bohemia, and until the middle of the eighteenth century the cut glass of Bohemia was supreme in Europe. By the end of the eighteenth century, however, English cut glass had so effectively entered into competition as almost completely to eclipse the Bohemian product. This revolution was due, not to the superior craftsmanship of the English cutters, but to the introduction and gradual perfection of what was in reality an entirely new material. The constituents of Venetian and Bohemian glass had always been fused by combination with lime and soda; the resulting glass was, even at its best, of a slightly dim, horny appearance. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the English glass-makers discovered that they could substitute oxide of lead for the lime, and potash for the soda, and in that way obtain a denser and more brilliant glass. During the first half of the eighteenth century this new "metal" was gradually perfected, and when once its possibilities were realised the art of cutting it so as to make the most of its qualities was quickly developed. The real answer to Ruskin, therefore, is that the glass of lead invented by the English glass-makers is a new material, whose essential quality is not so much ductility or transparency, as brilliancy, in which quality it surpasses crystal and rivals the diamond. And it was this quality that the English and Irish glass-cutters seized on and carried to such triumphs.

Much confusion exists on the subject of cut glass through the importance which some people attach to perfectly valueless labels; they insist upon drawing a distinction which has no meaning between Irish (and in particular Waterford) cut glass and English cut glass. In England glass-cutting was carried on at Stourbridge, Bristol, Birmingham, in London and at several smaller places. In Ireland the chief centres were Dublin, Waterford, Cork and Belfast. Now, as Mr. Westropp, whose historical researches are the basis of all our knowledge on the subject, has pointed out, a very large proportion of the glass-makers in Ireland were Englishmen, and in the Waterford and Cork glass-houses, when they were established, all the workmen and materials were brought over from England; and all during the time of the manufacture of the old cut glass, workmen were

continually going backwards and forwards between England and Ireland. The result is that it is quite impossible to distinguish the patterns of English and Irish cut glass. Not even the fact that a particular piece of cut glass has been in England or Ireland for generations is of any value as evidence of origin, for Irish glass was imported in large quantities to England, and English glass to Ireland. The common assumption that Irish (and in particular Waterford) glass can be distinguished by its tint deserves less consideration still. All the glass of the eighteenth century, English as well as Irish, was liable to accidental colouring due to impurities in the material, and as a matter of fact, glass from the same crucible may vary considerably in tint, according as it is taken from the top or the bottom of the pot. "Genuine Waterford" is always supposed to have a blue tint, but Mr. Westropp has shown conclusively that, on the contrary, Waterford glass is generally distinguished by its purity or whiteness; he has never seen a marked Waterford piece with a blue tint. The sensible attitude where there is so much uncertainty is surely to abandon all arbitrary distinctions, and select your pieces for their evident charm and distinction, regardless of their provenance. Apart from this, the main thing to be sure of is the antiquity of your choice: the modern imitations are very clever and convincing. Particularly dangerous is a type probably made at Liège in Belgium or in Paris, though not with any direct intention to deceive. The cutting is of a large shallow geometric design, or of a wavy gadroon pattern, which seems quite foreign to English or Irish glass of any age. The type is further distinguished by a decidedly dusky tone in its colour which, however, varies considerably in depth—and by solid flat bases devoid of star-cutting or hollow moulding.

The pieces we illustrate from the Bles collection are all of the type known as "genuine Waterford," but they have been selected for the way in which they show the variety of effect that may be secured by the cutter's art. The round bowl on three feet shows facet cutting that reminds one, by its simplicity and restraint, of the Roman cutting already mentioned. The boat-shaped salad-bowl is a piece of rare quality and design; here again the cutting is a simple enhancement of the form. The large jar shows diamond or prismatic cutting at its best; the candlesticks speak for themselves, and it is precisely in such objects—candlesticks, chandeliers and girandoles, designed to hold and reflect bright light—that cut glass appeals to us with its full charm.

HERBERT READ.

## THE FLOWER PAINTERS

JEAN BAPTISTE MONNOYER.

**T**HERE never was an age when flowers, and plant forms in general, played a more important part in every kind of decoration than in the French eighteenth century. In earlier times it was considered necessary to conventionalise a flower before using it as a motive for the decoration of pottery or textiles. The designs on Persian pottery, on Byzantine and Venetian brocades were all originally based on some flower or plant; even classical ornaments, so much beloved during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have no other origin; yet in none of these do we find the least trace of naturalism, the least suggestion of the actual appearance of any particular flower as it really looks when growing, or placed in a vase. In the eighteenth century it was just this natural unhampered growth that was sought after. First the

them with the charm and verisimilitude we invariably find in French eighteenth century work. Fortunately, there existed a model from which all these minor artists and craftsmen could draw their designs, and which even to this day remains a sort of standard of flower painting. This model is the work of Jean Baptiste Monnoyer, one of the earliest pioneers in the realm of flower painting.

He was born in Lille, in 1634 or 1635, studied in Antwerp, where he is known to have worked for some time in a large establishment which produced every kind of decoration, including hand-painted wallpapers, and, after having made a few unsuccessful attempts at historical painting, chose flowers as his speciality, and in 1663 repaired to Paris where a brilliant success awaited him. Within a year of his arrival he was received into the



A FLOWER PIECE BY MONNOYER IN THE "GRAND STYLE."

formal classical garlands became freer in arrangement, symmetry was abandoned and replaced by graceful balance, and, finally, with the change of style that marked the accession of Louis XV every object produced by man was made so as to suggest the natural growth of the plant rather than the work of human construction. Flowing lines, rounded curves, the complete elimination of sharp edges and corners, and a studied but apparently casual asymmetry are the dominant features of the new style. Wherever possible, floral motives are introduced as decoration, so that we find flowers not only in painted, printed and woven ornament, but also carved in wood and cast in bronze, and always with the utmost amount of realism permitted by the material. Certainly, not every craftsman who used flowers in his work had made a careful study of them from nature, nor were the powers of each as a draughtsman equal to representing

Academy and though flower painting was not considered a subject sufficiently elevated to admit him to a professorship, he was, in consideration of his merits, made a counsellor, "a silly distinction," adds the ever-wise Horace Walpole, "as if a great painter in any branch was not fitter to profess that branch than give advice on any other." This honour fell to him in 1679; in the meantime he had done much work in the Royal palaces, especially in the Trianon at Versailles, sometimes working in conjunction with Le Brun. His elegant flower pieces were much sought after by the connoisseurs of the day, among whom Lord Montague, then English Ambassador in Paris, was a prominent figure. In the end he brought both Monnoyer and Charles de La Fosse over here to decorate Montague House. The two painters had worked together previously in the Chapel of the Trianon, where La Fosse had painted a picture of the

Annunciation which Monnoyer surrounded with a garland of flowers.

In England Monnoyer met with as much success as he had enjoyed in France, and he remained here till his death in 1699. He assisted Verrio at Hampton Court, and was presented to Queen Mary, who even did him the honour of coming to see him work in his studio. He also worked for Lord Carlisle and did numerous smaller commissions, indeed, flower pieces with occasional birds introduced, such as Monnoyer painted, became very popular as decorations, especially for overdoors and mantels.

If plagiarism is the best compliment that can be paid to an artist, Monnoyer certainly enjoyed this compliment to an extent that few others can boast of. To this day one finds hundreds of flower pictures in the shops of not too discriminating art dealers, either bearing his name or no name at all, but evidently the work of some entirely incompetent dabbler who has clumsily stuck together and crudely coloured some graceful arrangement

against a dark ground, and where his pictures have not blackened, they have an almost jewel-like quality of colour. Sometimes he would add marble statues, bunches of fruit, parrots and various other birds to his flowers, thus getting variety and material out of which a more imposing composition could be evolved. One of these large decorative canvases, originally in Montague House, still exists in a private collection and bears witness to the ability with which he could give almost the flavour of the "grand style" to a picture mainly composed of flowers. Another good example of this elaborate style is the picture we reproduce, now in the possession of Mr. Pritchard.

The wide and rapid spread of Jean Baptiste's fame was greatly assisted by his engravings which were published while he was still working in Paris. He etched with his own hand a large series of 34 plates representing various arrangements of vases, baskets and garlands of flowers; a smaller series of twelve plates, consisting mostly of studies of flowers on the stem, is sometimes attributed to him, but this is in all probability



ONE OF A SET OF THREE PICTURES BY MONNOYER, ON WHICH MANY DESIGNS FOR CALICO PRINTING HAVE BEEN BASED.

of flowers immortalised by the hand of Monnoyer. And not only by picture painters have his works been copied, but they have been an endless source of inspiration for textile designers. We reproduce one of a set of three pictures, now in the possession of Messrs. Leggatt of St. James's Street, which have belonged ever since they left the studio of the artist to a firm of calico printers and have, of course, been extensively used for designs. They have now been cleaned and are in an admirable condition, showing the brilliance of Monnoyer's colour, his delicate finish and above all his superb sense of arrangement. The Dutch painters who followed in his wake may have gone further in the rendering of minute detail, or of light that seems to shine through a delicately toned petal and thus assumes an added radiance, but they were all indebted to him for the art of gracefully placing various flowers in a vase. Although lacking the diffused light of Van Huysum, there is a peculiar brilliance about his flowers, set off, as they invariably are,

engraved by Vauquer after Baptiste's designs. These engravings have had an immense popularity, especially the large series, and impressions still continue to be taken from some of the plates. They can be found in a variety of different forms, sometimes embodied in designs, sometimes coloured, and used as pictures. For example, in Manet's portrait of his favourite pupil, Eva Gonzales, now at the Tate Gallery, he has represented her sitting at an easel and painting a picture after one of them, the roll of paper on the floor being presumably the original engraving. They are highly prized by collectors and deservedly so, for they show the variety and animation of his grouping and the remarkable vitality of his draughtsmanship; though every species of flower is carefully and characteristically rendered, there is never the least suggestion of the botanical study. In the hands of Jean Baptiste (for so he was wont to sign his works) flower painting is always an art, and an art that never fails to give pleasure.

M. CHAMOT.